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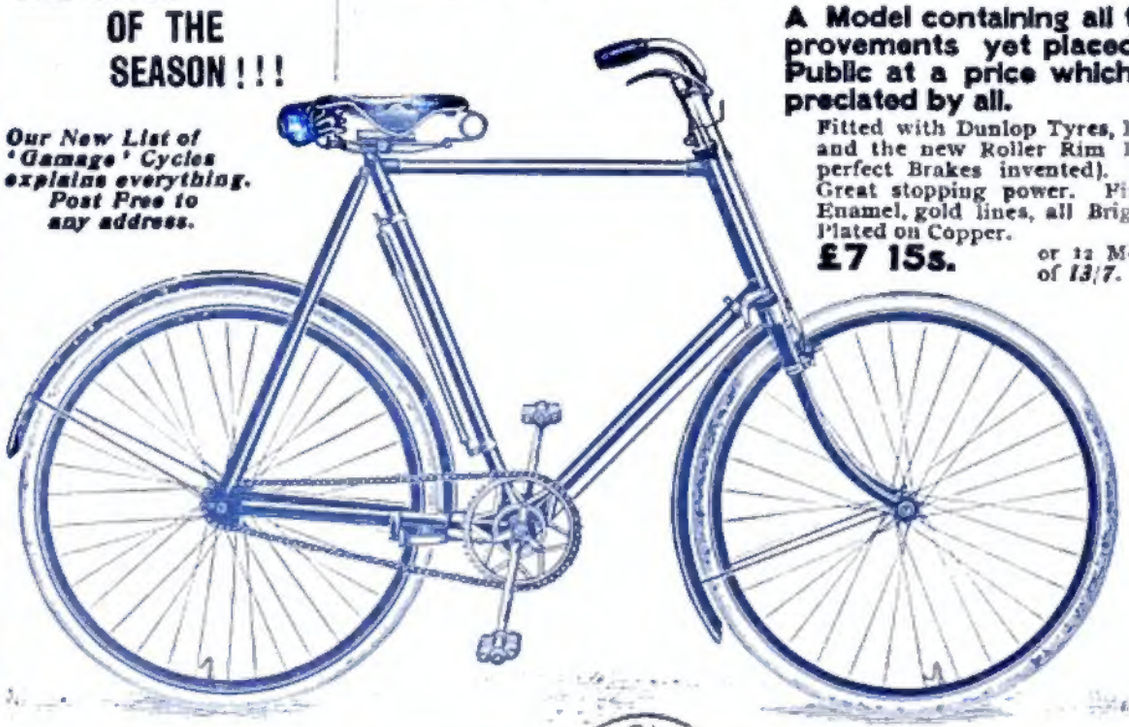

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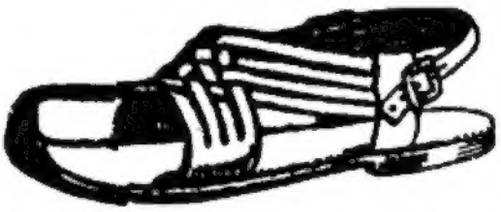

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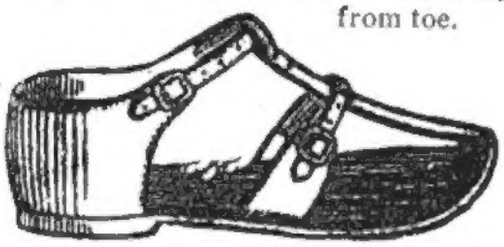

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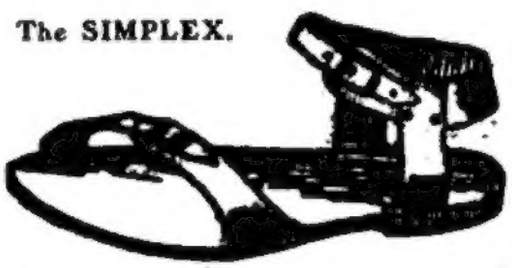

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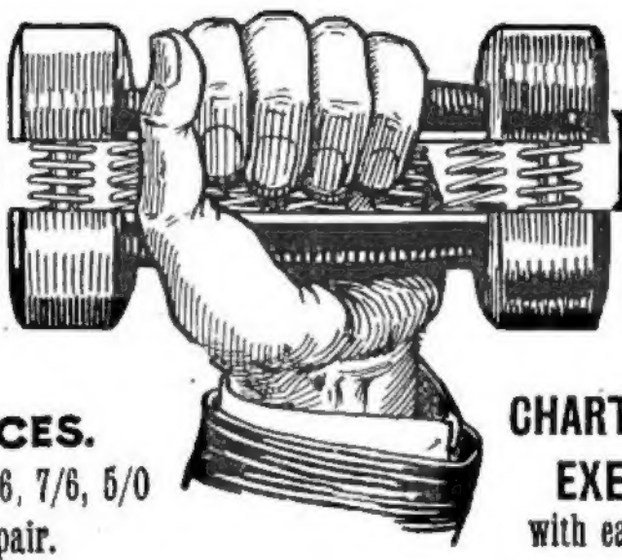

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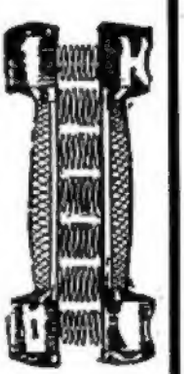

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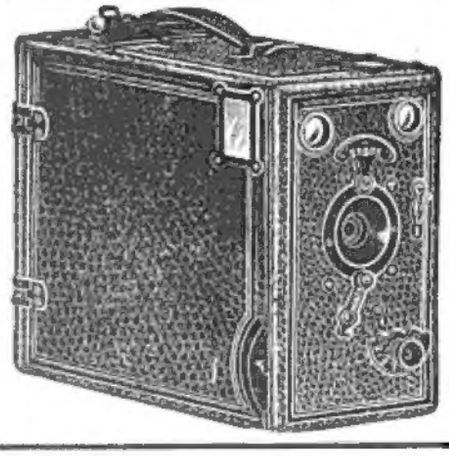

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(Est. 1898). VOL. XVI.
No. 24.

JUNE 14, 1906.

SANDOW'S MAGAZINE

... OF ...

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Editor: EUGEN SANDOW.
Assistant Editor: FRANK PINK.

MOTTO:—*Mens Sana in Corpore Sano*—A SOUND MIND IN A SOUND BODY.

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NOTES FROM MY NOTE-BOOK.

BY THE EDITOR.

While the young lions of the *Daily Mail* are belabouring the British matutinal meal because of its lack of variety, the united press of the country has been revealing to us the appetising fact that the consumers of the tinned "dainties" which emanate chiefly from the great canned-meat depôts of Chicago have at least no reason to complain on this ground. The man who, in a tin of preserved chicken, gets also poisoned rats, human flesh, tuberculous calves, and other "hextries," is, like the individual in the comic sketch who found a hair in his soup, unable to keep the good thing all to himself. Chicago was burned down once, and, from all accounts, it wants a similar purging once again.

o——o

But Chicago, after all, is to the average Englishman, a long way off, and in this country we do not consume so much tinned food as they do on the other side of the wide Atlantic. But the question of good food is one of the utmost importance to all of us, and the question naturally arises, how do we stand with regard to food inspection in our own country? Is inspection carried out on anything like sufficiently extensive lines, does it ensure the destruction of all bad and diseased food, and are the punishments inflicted on detected offenders sufficiently heavy to meet the crime?

o——o

The inspection of food for the public market is an affair not to be treated lightly, and it is a work that if undertaken at all should be performed in a thorough and painstaking manner. Yet Mr. Upton Sinclair, whose book has caused all the uproar about the food that comes from the packing yards of Chicago, gives some remarkable figures in the current number of *Everybody's Magazine* on this matter. He quotes Dr. Jacques, a former American food inspector, to show what an enormous labour is entailed in the inspection of food.

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"My education as a physician," says that gentleman, "teaches me that disease follows the same law whether in animals or human beings. How many post-mortems could the most expert physician make in a day? Ten would be a big day's work; fifty would tax the endurance of the most strenuous." Now, something like 150,000 animals have been received at the Union Stock-yards, Chicago, in a single day. The inspectors employed by the Government only number some fifty. Supposing there were only fifty thousand animals killed a day in the Chicago stock-yards. This would be a thousand to each inspector. No wonder Dr. Jacques asks, "What is such inspection as that worth?"

o——o

I should like to see some of our statistical experts—Mr. Chiozza Money, say—go thoroughly into the matter of food inspection in London, and work out a similar calculation as to the amount of food inspected and the number of L.C.C. inspectors employed. I don't suppose we would go near the Chicago record. Still, the result, I venture to say, would surprise us. With so many food "experts" and cranks to tell us what to eat and what not to eat, the lot of the average man, with a good hearty appetite and first-class digestive machinery, is already hard enough. But these Chicago revelations have put the food faddists completely in the background for the time being.

o——o

Lest the vegetarian should rise in his triumph over the beef-eaters at this epoch, let me remind him that even his beloved vegetables have just come under the ban of Professor Metchnikoff. The distinguished pathologist declares that vegetables are frequently the carriers of a heterogeneous collection of deadly microbes, including a microbe that paves the way for appendicitis. He declares that even washing in boiling water will not prevent this, and that the only safe plan was to have them scalded. I wonder how many public restaurants would go to this trouble for the intestinal welfare of their patrons?

By the way, reverting for a moment to the subject of food inspection, I see that an attempt was recently made, but failed, to make the inspection of ships' provisions compulsory. Certainly, if anyone wants his food examined carefully, it is the man about to embark on a cruise. The stories we occasionally hear of poor Jack's food are too terrible almost for credulity. But Jack will have to go on eating weevil biscuits and maggoty pork, for the difficulties in the matter of food inspection are too great to make it practical. At least, so says Mr. Lloyd-George, who declares that such a plan would involve an army of only 3,000,000 or 4,000,000 officials.

o——o

However, if dishonest traders are not to be prevented from selling us dangerous food, the next best thing is to punish them for doing it when they are found out. Imprisonment ought to be inflicted more frequently, or, at least, heavier fines ought to be exacted. By the way, the good people of Brighton had a narrow escape the other day, owing to the vigilance of an inspector. Forty-two tins of roast chicken, forty-two tins of roast duck, and thirty-nine tins of roast turkey were seized at an auction sale-room and destroyed, the food in them being partly decomposed. Did they come from Chicago?

"The majority of people think that because Providence has ordained that we should suffer disease, He also should have provided a remedy. The remedies that, in His goodness, He has placed in the hands of the physician, are not sufficient for them; they think they should have remedies which could be labelled A, B, C, etc. A would cure influenza; B, sea-sickness; C, gout; D, indigestion; E, rheumatism; F, consumption, and so on. Such an arrangement, I own, would be a very pleasant and easy way of getting rid of our ailments, but here is the fallacy of the general public—they think there are certain specifics which cure certain diseases. This, unfortunately, is not so, and they are most grievously mistaken in so imagining."

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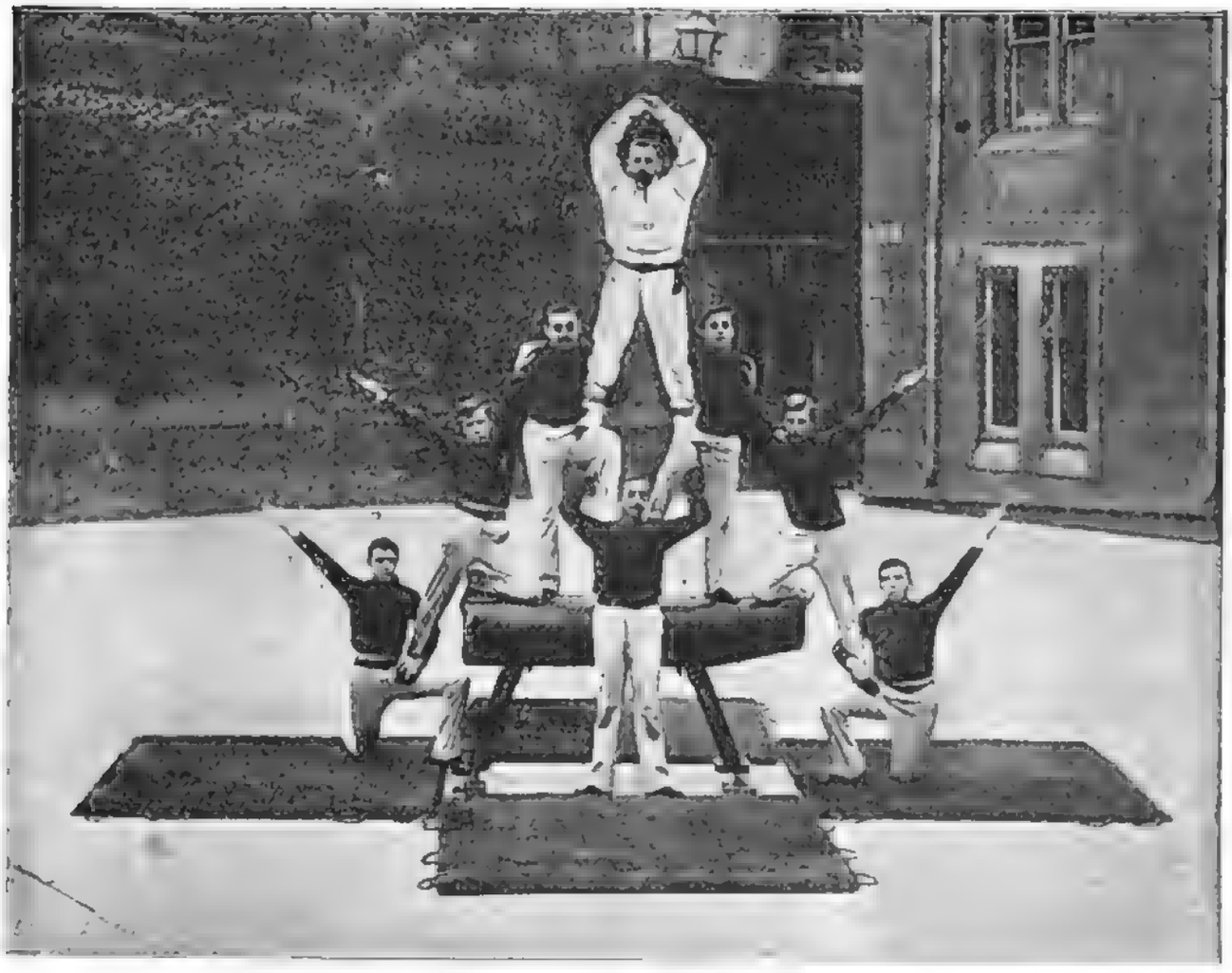


A Pyramid of Blind Athletes.

BLIND GYMNASTS, ATHLETES AND CYCLISTS.

The Physical and Mental Education of the Blind.

By J. St. A. JEWELL.

A BEAUTIFUL green lawn, criss-crossed by asphalted paths, carrying noble timber, with two boys mounted on stilts rollicking in the foreground. One was trying to buffet the other off the path, and the while their lithe young bodies swayed this way and that, so that I wondered how they managed to preserve their equilibrium.

"And these?" I asked of the lady at my side.

"Both blind—both blind."

Something smote me over the heart as the full weight of the words sunk in, and I felt a choking sensation at the throat that for the moment deprived me of speech.

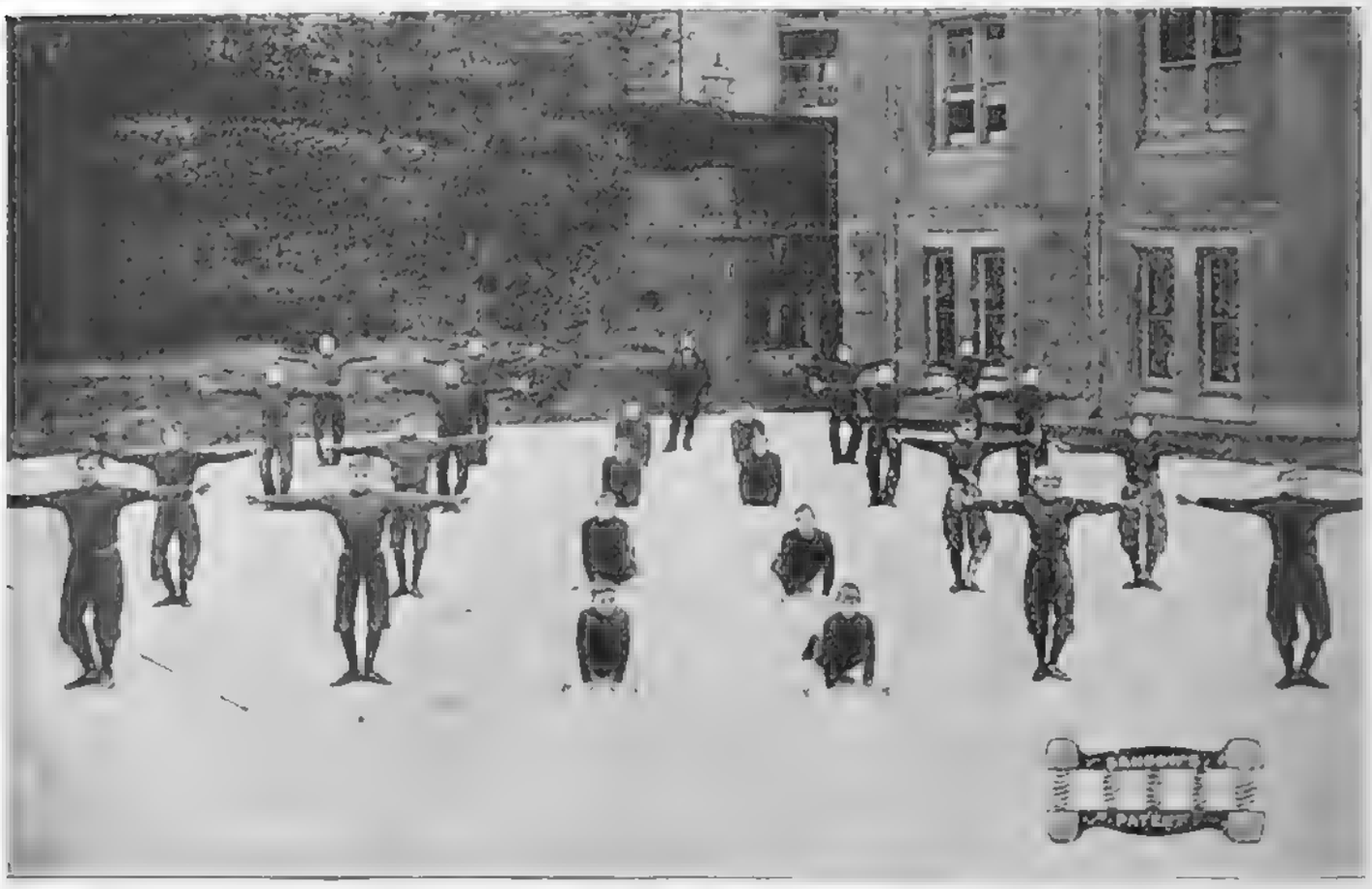
Two or three minutes later I asked softly, "I should like to be alone for a little: do you mind?"

Then I sat down and watched them—the triumph of youthful joy over the loss of the first human faculty—saying to myself, over and over again, "Blind—both blind," until the horror, the awe, the fear gradually gave way to a feeling of great wonder.

Behind me lay the buildings of the College, all round me expanses of green lawns, and before me, a little to the right, a tiny lake, on whose waters the strong sunlight was reflected back in a silvery sheen. I was taking it all in by mental photography, storing it up for future retailing, doing my best to enjoy its beauty; but the sight of those two blind boys on

Gymnastics at the Royal Normal College.

THE INDOOR GYMNASIUM.



DUMB-BELL EXERCISES OUTDOORS.

their stilts fascinated me, and pinned me where I sat in a manner passing all understanding.

Miss Campbell, the Lady Superintendent, took me away to view fresh wonders. First, it was the concert hall, where a large audience sat expectantly. The choir sat at the back, on a raised platform, the men and boys on one side, the girls and women on the other. They sat with calm, immovable faces, looking, seemingly, straight in front of them, and at ease. As I took my seat, they rose in a body, and a second later their exquisitely trained voices filled the place with sweet melody. I am no musician, though I love music passionately, but I am, nevertheless, sure that, from a technical point of view, the rendering of that choir was as near perfection as could be. Their anthems, madrigals, and part-songs were sung with much feeling, the quality and the balance of the voices were excellent, and the clearness of the enunciation was all that could be desired.

That was as it should be, for the education of the college is largely musical, and it sends out yearly a number of accomplished musicians, who earn their living as organists, pianists, professors of music, and pianoforte tuners.

With them it is not a question of learning entirely by ear, for they have a system of writing and reading which is as clear to them as ordinary print is to you and I who see. This system is known as the Braille, and it consists (for writing) of puncturing dots on paper with a pricker. These dots, formed in certain combinations, are words, and they are read by lightly touching them with the finger tips. The system is applicable to music as well as ordinary wording, and proof was given of this at the close of the concert.

The Principal, Dr. Campbell, read to the choir, in Braille, a simple tune, which each member dotted down on his or her paper. Then, at the word of command, the choir rose, and, without the slightest hesitation, sang, full-throated, "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost. As it was in the beginning is now and ever shall be, world without end. Amen."

It was a fitting close to the concert.

Out to the lawns again, to see the school classes receiving tuition in the open air. First it was a botany class, in which the pupils were taught to recognise a scentless flower by its shape. Sensitive fingers took the blooms, felt them, and named them without faltering. Then a geography class, in which the students found each town, mountain, and river by passing their fingers over a raised map.

Books on each separate subject abounded, each in Braille type, each readily understood. I questioned several students on subjects with which I am thoroughly familiar, and found them exceptionally well posted. Indeed, I have no hesitation in saying that they were as advanced as any ordinary seeing pupils of equal age trained in ordinary schools.

Then I went into the pianoforte tuning school, and saw the students at work. It was a truly amazing sight to watch the sightless go over the complicated pieces of mechanism, tuning up one string and lowering another with their keys, until out the instrument that was, but a few moments before, incapable of responding to the keys by tuneful sounds, there rose sweet chords and harmony. There was no hesitation, no faltering, no waste of time; each one went about his task as if the loss of sight was no handicap at all.

And as with the piano tuning, so also with gymnastics. They have a beautiful gymnasium, fitted in the most complete manner. There are developing machines for every combination of muscles in the human body, and, moreover, they are well patronised. The college believes in physical education, and "a sound mind in a sound body" is evidently the guiding principle in all its dealings with its students.

I saw them going through set displays on all kinds of apparatus, from the parallel bars to the ropes, and the performance in each case was excellent. I saw them again on roller skates, going round and round their little rink, and not once did I see even the suspicion of a collision. And yet—all were blind. Several of their number were waltzing—and waltzing beautifully—and all the time they went round and round gracefully, in order, and without fault.

In the Children's Playground.

In the grounds, a long serpent-like machine, bearing twelve riders, was dashing along the track, and a more merry crowd of cyclists I have seldom seen. Only the man who steered the machine had sight—all the others were blind. I am told that this same machine has on more than one occasion gone to Brighton and back in a day. You whose pleasure it is to pile up the miles on end by the aid of your bike, think twice before you brag of your ride to Brighton and back between daylight and dark, for others have done it also; others who saw nothing, when you had the long white road in front of you, and the green hedges and fields on either side.

In the swimming-bath the students gave another exhibition, this time of the natatorial art. They executed all sorts of difficult fancy dives, including the back and front somersaults, and finished by demonstrating the latest methods of life-saving. The howls of despair which the victims affected, for the better purpose of making the life-saving more realistic, showed that they enjoyed the demonstration as much as their audience.

Then I saw a lot of little children at work sewing, each one putting in stitches exactly in place, some in perfectly plain sewing, and others in fancy articles. Then into the junior technical workshop, where little lads of ten and twelve were making book racks, wall brackets, towel rollers, and foot stools, and a host of other useful articles.

A little later I sat close to a blind girl, who will probably be shortly earning her own living in an office. She sat with her fingers on a little machine having only six keys, and as I dictated to her, the keys moved up and down rapidly. When I had finished the letter, she drew a typewriter to her, and typed what I had dictated. She handed me the letter with this remark, "I'm sorry, but I made a mistake. I've rubbed the letter out, and typed over it again."

She had typed a "G" instead of an

"N," but, recognising the mistake immediately, had erased the "G" and substituted "N"—the proper letter. And—the girl was stone blind.

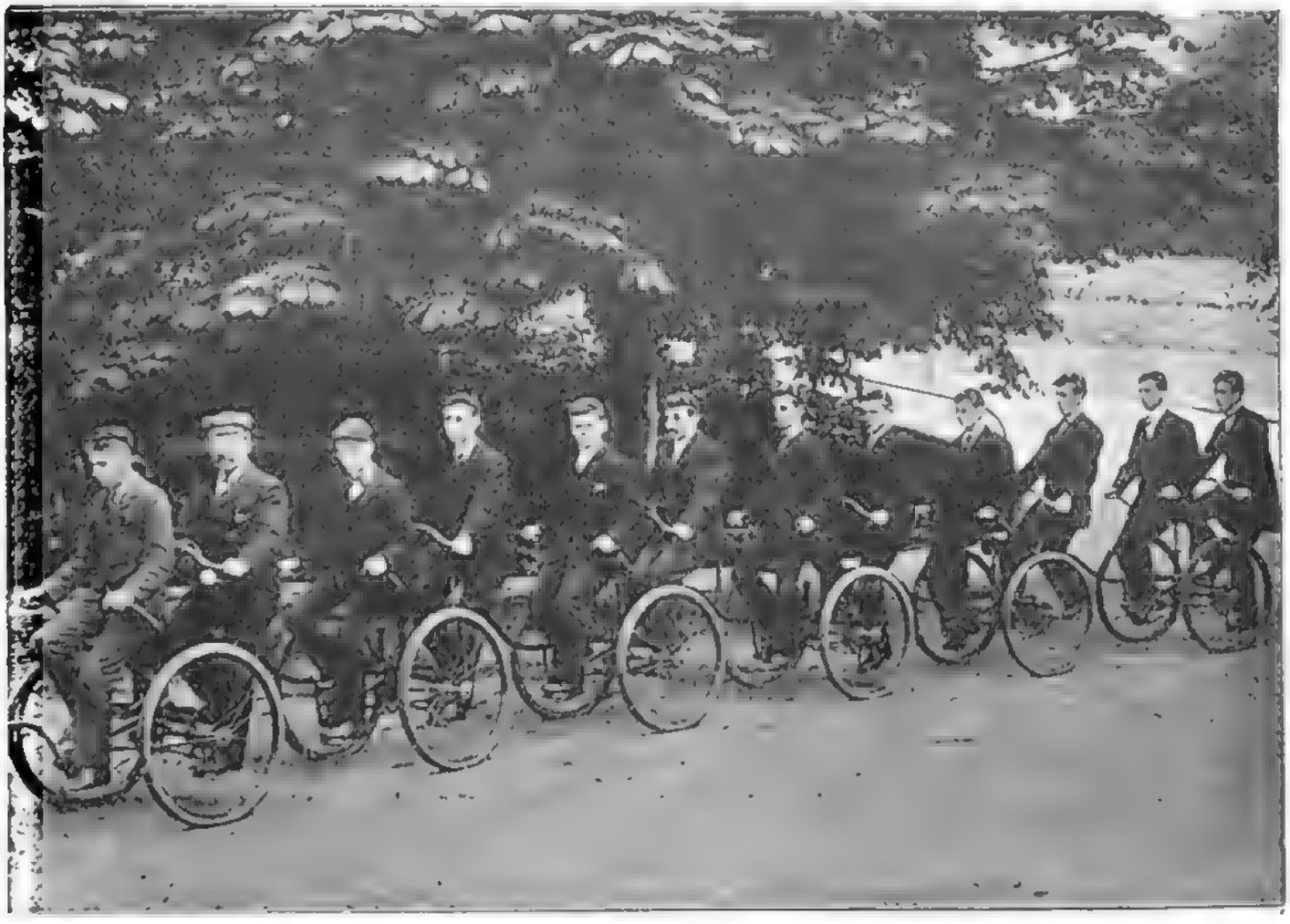
As I sat at tea on the lawn, with Dr. and Mrs. Campbell chatting, I wondered why the Royal Normal College is not a household word. I had seen so much in a short two hours that the whole thing seemed like a dream.

But when I looked at the Doctor, I knew it was no dream, for I peeped behind the dark green glasses he wore, and saw his sockets held no eyes. He, too, was blind, and has been blind from the age of four.

Even at that age the indomitable spirit of the man showed itself, for instead of leaning for support, he insisted on working and making a way for himself in the world. He was twelve years old before he entered a blind school, and he had not been there long before he was looked upon as a musical prodigy. At eighteen he secured the position of teacher of music in that very school, and not long afterwards he was scouring the surrounding country, on horseback, for new pupils.

In 1856 he took a prominent part on the side of the abolitionists in the anti-slavery agitation when he was the musical director of a large girls' school in Tenessee, for which he was subjected to a systematic boycott that resulted in his being driven from the land of his birth—America.

It was in 1871 that he first started work here in England, when the college consisted of three houses close to the Crystal Palace. In a very short time, by its good work, it attracted to its aid many of the philanthropists of the country, and the late Queen Victoria became interested in it. The college was subsequently removed to its present site in Weston Road, and extended, and at the present time it houses about 150 pupils of both sexes.



How the Blind go Cycling—The man who steers is the only rider possessing his eyesight.

Dr. Campbell has been the moving spirit of the institution since its inception, and to him be the credit and glory for having steered it to success.

Try to realise that in this country there are about 30,000 blind. Consider also what the fate of the ordinary sightless is, or perhaps I should say, was. Am I wrong when I say that in most cases it was a case of sightless—useless?

Dr. Campbell has taught, and is still teaching, that this need not be. That, in spite of loss of vision, the blind can be made not only useful, but that, properly educated, they can be made into wage-earners.

Pupils who have received their education at the Royal Normal College have gained positions carrying salaries of as much as £400 per annum. Remember that £400 is not given to any one person each year for nothing. The very essence of wage giving is that, for every £1 expended, the product of such expenditure shall be £1 10s. to the wage *given*. In other words, all wages should show a profit, and further, that the man who "earns his money," and that only, is of no use to an employer. He is unproductive.

You who read this—do *you* earn £400 a year? If you don't, take heart, for some of the blind earn it.

It is all a matter of education, and if you would care to see how that education is carried out, write to Dr. Campbell, Royal Normal College, Western Street, Crystal Palace, for a card of admission, and you will be sure of a welcome.

In the meantime, the college needs funds urgently. Do you care to help?

I left the place and entered my city-bound train with the picture of those two blind boys on stilts before my eyes, and heard once more those dire words, "Both blind—both totally blind.". And, as the train sped onwards and we left the green of Upper Norwood and entered into the heart of the city, a great calm settled on me, and the words came back again like a fitting echo to the afternoon. This time I heard them as a joyful shout, rolling triumphantly over the lives of the afflicted like a sunburst over the storm-swept ocean, only this time they were, "Blind, aye, blind; but self-reliant."

Dr. Campbell, Principal of the Royal Normal College for the Blind, Upper Norwood, S.E.

Sturdy Schoolboys.

The nation may be deteriorating, but not so the Manchester Grammar Schoolboys.

Mr. Paton, the Head Master, made this declaration the other day in introducing the Lady Mayoress to distribute the shields and tokens at the close of the annual athletic sports at Fallowfield. He was sorry the gentleman who said he could discern evidence of physical degeneration was not present that afternoon, because he would not find anything to bear out the suspicion.

They had had 550 entries for the various events, a far larger number than ever they had had in the history of the school. As to the quality of the running, they had broken one of the records.

THE IDEALS OF A PUGILIST.

Prize Fighter who Reads Ruskin and Carlyle, and Admires Hogarth's Drawings.

MR. JOSEPH FRANCIS ALOYSIUS HAGAN was standing on the porch of his handsome home.

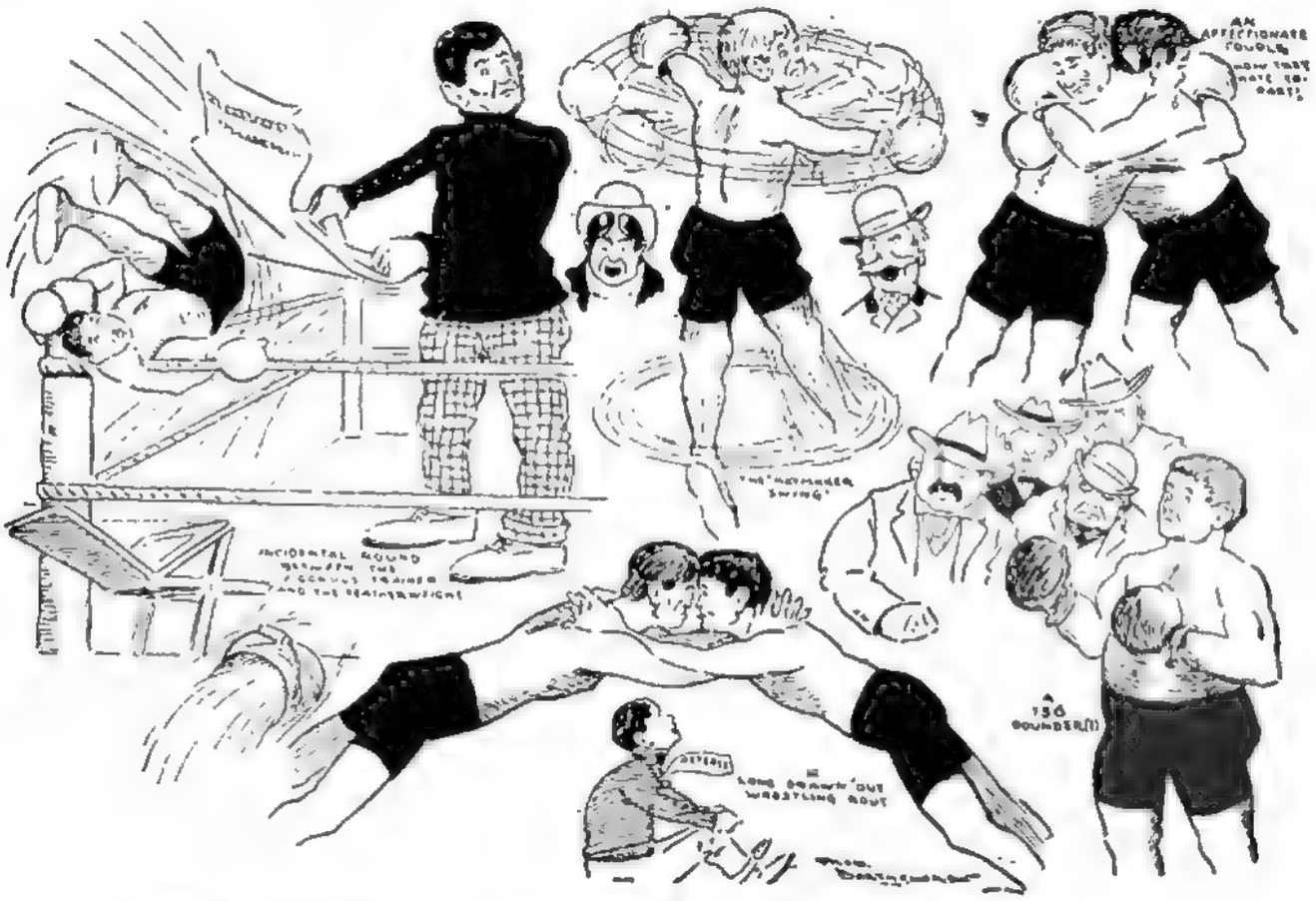
"Over there," he nodded, "is the house of Mr. Drexel, millionaire. The house this side belongs to Mr. Drexel's son-in-law, and just a little beyond you see the residence of the Dean of the University of Pennsylvania."

"Fine neighbours," remarked the reporter, taken quite aback.

"Excellent," Mr. Hagan replied. "They're nice, quiet people. They don't bother us and we don't bother them."

An encomium which undoubtedly will be reciprocated by Mr. Drexel and his son-in-law and the Dean. They are men of note, yet the quiet and forceful Mr. Hagan has far out-run them in the race for fame. He is known to mankind at large as Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, champion of the world.

Champion fighting man, of course. Yet it is curious to note the absence of every vestige of the prize-ring from the home life of the quiet Mr. Hagan, as well as interesting to study the ideals of the man and the charming family he has carried to affluence with no other means than his quick fists and his clear head. He is really the very latest development of the prize-fighter—Cashel Byron, plus an intellect. Cashel was a fine, healthy, hearty animal; in the prize-ring a marvel of applied ferocity, outside of the ring an amiable, soft-hearted fellow. So is Hagan. Yet he is something more. He has managed his own affairs with great shrewdness. Since childhood he has been



A GALA NIGHT AT AN AMERICAN "WONDERLAND." *Some Curious Attitudes and Contortions.*

an earner and saver of money. Also he has high ambition.

A MAN OF HIGH IDEALS.

The ideality in the man is his most remarkable quality. He has very definite aims: (1) To maintain a most comfortable home for his parents, his brother and his sisters; (2) the careful education of these children so that each can win success in the world; (3) to conduct himself so that he shall be remembered as something more than merely the best fighting machine of his time.

His home stands well out on the westerly side of Philadelphia, at No. 3812 Locust Street, the best part of the city. It is a big, roomy, brick house done in pale yellow, with white trimmings by way of relief. The windows are large, and there are many of them.

"You can't be strong or even ordinarily healthy without lots of light and air," says Mr. Hagan. So you see his mind is never entirely off his "profession"—curious, too, that he calls it his profession—not the game, or the business, as so many fighters do.

There is a pleasant little bit of grass at the front of the house, and at the back a broad lawn and flower garden stretch away to the distant stable.

"You ought to see this garden in May!" says Mr. Hagan with enthusiasm. "Look here; come down and spend a day with us then. It's worth your while. Mother has five hundred kinds of flowers here. And roses—why the place is alive with them!"

That's Hagan all over. He is as much interested in his mother's rose garden as he is in the neatest way of landing a knock-out punch. And somehow one does not feel that there is anything incongruous in the spectacle of the chief gladiator in the world resting between battles in this bower of flowers.

For the explanation is close at hand. The big fighter is a living portrait of his mother. In figure, in feature, in complexion, the resemblance is perfect. She has a most kindly expression, yet one glance at her shows where Joseph got that determined jaw and chin. Her eyes are blue and always twinkling with a smile.

"Sit beside me," she said to the reporter, as the family assembled for luncheon. "Sit right here—my husband is not a jealous man."

And when you see mother and son together you find that the resemblance extends even to little tricks of gesture. In a hundred ways he is like her.

If hero-worship spoils a man Hagan is in great danger of being spoiled. Without any pretence of concealment the family frankly look up to him as the greatest man in the world.

"He was always a great business man," said Mrs. Hagan, in a little confidential aside with the writer after luncheon. "I could always tell when he had been making money, for he'd come home with his head up very high and the funniest little smile you ever saw.

"'See what I've got for you,' he'd say, and he'd always give me half of what he had earned. When he was only ten years old he'd rig up trapezes and swings in the barn like a regular circus and charge the boys for using them—a cent for little boys, two cents for big boys. And then my bold Joseph would march in as proud as Punch to give me my share.

HIS START IN BUSINESS.

"He was only twelve years old when he began to drive one of his father's big sand waggons. One day he was sent to the sawmill for a load of shavings for the stable. He didn't come home at lunch time, and it was near dark when he came, driving up a big load of scrap-iron and all sorts of stuff.

"'What have you been up to now, son?' I asked him.

"'I'll show you in the morning, mother,' he says. 'You'll see—something good.'

"And didn't he sell the big load for three times what he'd paid for it!

"'Look at that, mother,' he said, when he drove back with the empty waggon. 'There's eleven dollars and a half clear profit—six and a half for you and five for me. You see, they had no shavings at the mill, and I thought it'd be a pity to let the horses loaf all day. I'd been thinking of the business for some time.'

"Another day, when his father had

nothing for him to do, Joseph went out in the country. He didn't come home till after 7 that evening. Then he had a great big handcart loaded with enough corn and peas and tomatoes to last us a week.

"'Where did you get that handcart?' I asked him.

"'It belongs to the Smith boy,' he says. 'I borrowed it for the day, and I've given him all the vegetables he wants for the use of the cart and helping me. And look—here's four dollars I've made, besides all the stuff I brought home.'"

Mr. Hagan was in and out of the library, helping and advising a photographer and making suggestions, so his mother was not hampered in telling about him.

"Aren't you afraid when he's fighting?" the writer enquired.

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Hagan, calmly. "I did worry once—when he was getting ready to fight Al Kauffmann, that giant in California that they said was such a wonder. Oh, no; it wasn't altogether the great reputation the giant had, but Joseph had been away from home for months, travelling and fighting all through the wild Klondike country and Alaska, and I didn't know how the climate had agreed with his health. He sent me a photograph of himself, and I saw he looked splendid, so then I was easier in my mind. But I was glad when it was over."

"And didn't the Fitzsimmons fight worry you?" asked the visitor.

"Not a bit," replied the champion's mother, promptly. "You see, Joseph took Fitzsimmons's measure that day they sparred six rounds here in the baseball park. I knew Joseph held him safe after that. No, it's only when you're uncertain that you worry."

One other anecdote about Joseph the proud mother told. It showed not only the intense devotion to her and the family that has always characterised him, but it shed a light on the wonderful persistence, the patient, limitless courage that has so often brought him out a winner in the ring, though the enemy had battered him again and again to the floor.

This happened in the winter when there was little doing in the contracting line, so that Mr. Hagan had no work for Joseph. The boy was a hardy, rugged, cheerful tyke, only eleven years, but big as most boys of thirteen. He was working as a telegraph messenger.

"And as it came on towards Christmas," says Mrs. Hagan, "I noticed he'd often be late coming home.

"'Why are you so late?' I asked him.

"'Busy, mother,' was all he'd say; so I supposed they kept him running messages. And the nearer it got to Christmas the later he got in. Christmas Eve he wasn't home at all. I didn't worry, though I was thinking what an awful lot of messages there must be on account of the holidays.

"Breakfast time Christmas morning in comes my bold Joseph with the proud little skip in his walk and his head on one side and his money-making smile shining all over his face.

"'How's that, mother?' he says, and waves twenty-two dollars in nice new bills. 'How's that, mother, for Christmas?' 'There's five for you and five for father, and some for each of the girls and five for me.'

"'But how did you get all that?' I asked him.

"'I've been working extra nights for the big store, delivering parcels,' says Joseph. 'Twenty cents an hour. I've been at it over a month now.'

"'But your sleep?' I said. 'I should think you'd be sick for lack of sleep.'

"'Oh, I was working with a nice man,' says Joseph. 'When we had a long way to go between places he'd let me lie down in the waggon and go to sleep.'"

Rather remarkable conduct for a little messenger boy—to work out a plan of money-getting and stick to it laboriously to the end—especially when one remembers how anxious most messengers are to invest their time and money in cigarettes.

QUEER COMPANY.

When you enter the champion's "den" you cannot help but smile at the odd mixture of the intellectual world and the fistic world that is everywhere apparent. On a table conveniently near to a big lounging chair lie a volume of Ruskin, a portfolio of Hogarth's drawings, some magazines and three or four

novels. A fine steel-engraving portrait of Daniel Webster hangs beside the colours Hagan won in the ring when he beat the champion of England, the handkerchief now displayed under glass in a golden frame. Senators, sportsmen, and boxers hobnob in their frames on the wall in grotesque comradeship. And near Mr. Hagan's desk hang these mottoes:

"Aim high. Believe that you have the best in you."

"Blessed is the man who has found his work."

Apropos to the latter, there came a few remarks from Mr. Hagan.

"I've found my work," said he. "Funny how things will come your way if you keep trying. When I began in this profession I had no more idea of becoming champion than I have now of running a flying machine. But when I worked as sparring partner with Kid McCoy and saw him beat big, tough men, I began to think I could do some high-class fighting too, especially as I was so much stronger in muscle and in stamina. Speed is the great thing—speed and a cool head.

"I really think I owe more of my success to Kid McCoy than to any other man. He gave me confidence. It has taken me six years to get to the top. I think I have a fair chance to stay up till I'm forty. I'm twenty-eight now. In the next twelve years I ought to make anywhere from £60,000 to £100,000. I have never tasted tobacco nor dissipated. If I feel run down I take a little wine or ale at meals—but only as a medicine. I'd no more think of taking it as a beverage than I'd take cough medicine that way.

"I used to study anatomy and deal in real estate. I've given them both up for the present. I find there's only so much energy in a man. I can put it into real estate deals or I can put it into boxing. I can't do both with success. Boxing pays best. You see how we all are—a pretty big family to look after. Father's health has not been very good of late.

HIS AMBITIONS FOR BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

"I hope to educate my brother and my sisters so that each one can have a better chance in life than I've had. Oh, no; don't misunderstand me. I'm not finding fault with my profession. But I want the youngsters to have better mental training than I've had. I sent my elder sister to study designing in Paris, and now she has one of the finest dressmaking establishments in Chestnut Street. One of my little sisters seems to have a strong leaning towards literature. Little John—well, he's only twelve, but he ought to make a pretty good lawyer or business man."

"Suppose you're beaten in the ring," I suggested.

"It doesn't look likely to me," mused Mr. Hagan; "yet the one sure thing about a champion is that if he stays in the ring long enough he will be beaten. Still, I'd find something to do. Six years ago, when I began to fight for a living, I had already started business as a contractor and had twelve carts and twenty men working for me. Besides, I've had some experience knocked into me about real estate. Oh, I guess I'll make out.

"But the chief thing I want is to see these youngsters well established in life. There's more satisfaction in that than anything else I know."

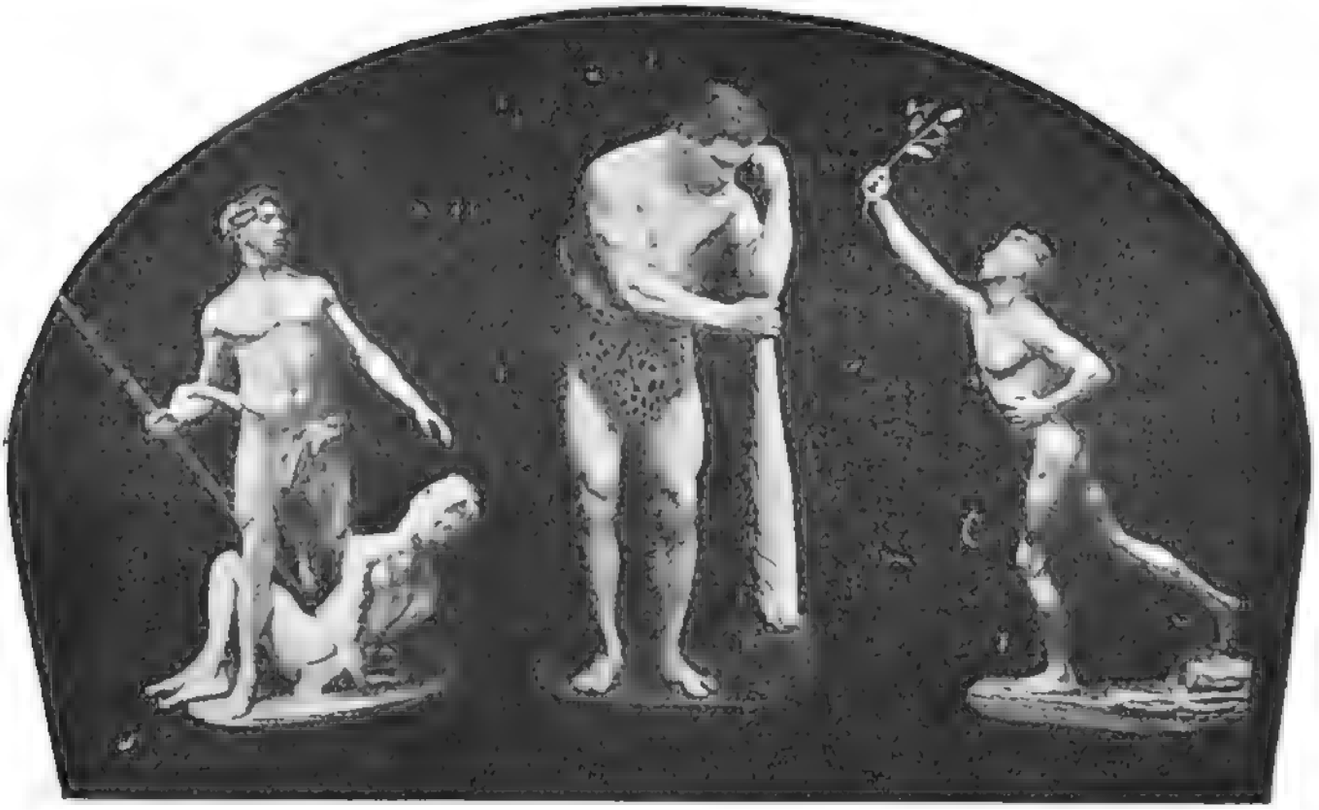
How Alcohol Helps Bacilli.

Professor Elie Metchnikoff, of the Pasteur Institute, Paris, says that a man might be the host of diphtheria bacilli, cholera or other pathogenic bacteria, without developing the corresponding diseases. Similarly healthy persons often harbour the bacillus of typhoid in considerable quantity. Such persons have been termed "bacilli carriers."

Experiments of the last few years have proved that the essence of immunity lies in the living elements of the body, and that it is the phagocytes, or white blood cells, which deliver us from our enemies. The phagocytes hinder the microbes from multiplying, kill them, and make them entirely disappear.

Alcohol, he declared, besides its bad effects on the nervous system, had a very harmful action on the phagocytes. This had been demonstrated by experiments on animals. One should, as a rule, avoid the use of all sorts of medicaments, and limit one's self to hygienic measures to check the outbreak of infectious disease.

Normal salt solution and blood serum, on the other hand, help the phagocytes in their work. It has been proved that horse serum largely increases the phagocytes, fortifies them in every way, so that after the use of the serum strong armies of phagocytes arise to fight bacteria.



THE THREE OLYMPIERS.

THE THREE OLYMPIERS.

A Trio of Well-Developed Teutons.

PHYSICAL Culture has had many clever and handsome representatives, male and female, on the stage during recent years. With the exception, however, of the Athlones, male professors of physical culture rarely take into consideration the æsthetic point of view, contenting themselves too often merely with an exhibition of muscle and strength. It is, indeed, a regrettable fact that we so rarely see all the beautiful points of the male form brought out so prominently as we do in the case of the female. Yet the symmetrical male figure is, in its own way, as strikingly agreeable to the eye as the graceful lines of a Vulcana or a La Milo.

If you doubt that fact, just glance at the beautifully developed figures of the three young athletes who have posed for our cover illustration this week. Or, still better, pay a visit to that magnificent palace of entertainment, the London Hippodrome, where you can see with your own eyes the Three Olympiers in the flesh.

Their entertainment has a distinct spice of novelty. They do not claim to be the strongest or the best developed men in the world, but they are all magnificent specimens of young manhood, and their "show" is one of the most artistic that has been given in this country. The setting of the show, too, is novel in the extreme. We have had men and women posing in fleshlings, in enamel, and sometimes well-nigh in the nude, but this is the first time, we believe, for anyone to attempt in the flesh the living reproduction of classical bronze statuary. The effect is strange—indeed, startling, as can be gathered from our cover.

The Olympiers—the stage name of these young athletes—are of German nationality. The youngest is only twenty-three years of age; the eldest has not yet passed his twenty-fifth. They are not merely masters of the art of posing, however, as is apparent from their splendid all-round muscular

development. They have won innumerable prizes in the area of sport, in weight-lifting competi tions, in wrestling, swimming, running, and other sports. They are firm believers in systematic exercise, and Hans confesses that he has been greatly benefited by the Sandow system of physi cal culture. Although he does not rigidly follow that system now, he says that his own system has been built upon it

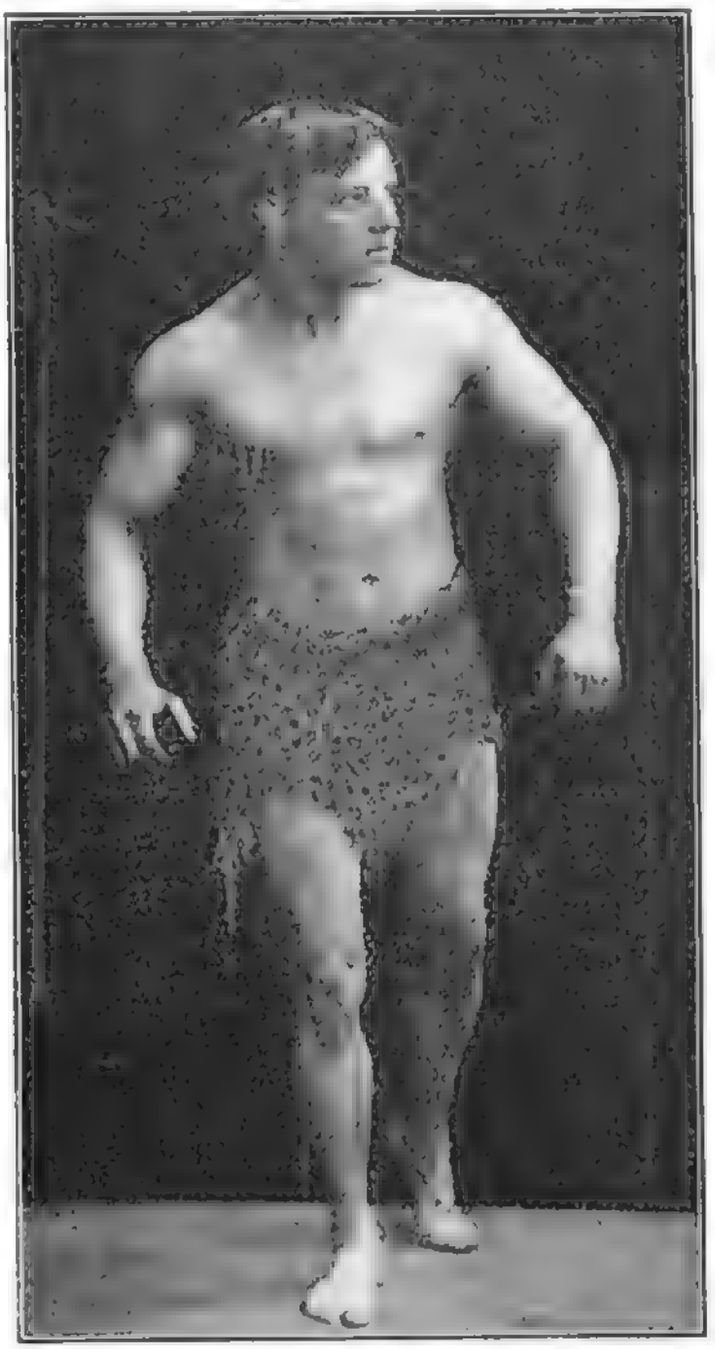
The idea of posing as copies of famous bronze statues occurred to them while on a visit to Rome. Whilst visiting "the city on the seven hills" as members of an acrobatic troupe, they saw in the Vatican a large statue of Hercules, which, with the light shining from above, looked so beautiful and dazzling to the eye, that they thought out the idea of carrying it out on the stage, with themselves posing. After a great deal of experimenting and patience, and many rehearsals, they found a plan of presenting the new entertainment to the public, and on the Continent it was immediately received with delight. Since then the Olympiers have toured all over the world, and in addition to their public engagements have frequently sat for the most distinguished sculptors of the day.

OTTO OLYMPIER.

HANS OLYMPIER

Although they take every reasonable means to keep themselves in the best physical condition, none of the Olympiers have anything "faddy" about them. They live clean, wholesome, rational lives, and exercise every day. Like most physical culturists, they have experimented in dietetic matters, and tried vegetarianism for a time. Their opinion concerning the no-meat theory is that—in their case, at least—it did not suit, and they contend that if it didn't actually decrease their muscular strength, it led to a decrease of their vitality.

They practise the strictest temperance both in eating and drinking, although they are neither total abstainers nor non-smokers. They are only in this country for a brief period, and will shortly sail for America.



WILLI OLYMPIEN.

Ignorance of Nature.

One of the most deplorable things in our large towns is the fact that a knowledge of Nature has died out to an extraordinary degree.

An inspector of schools relates that in a whole class in a Manchester school not one boy knew what a bee was, or where it was to be found. In another class there was only one boy who had seen a lark, and he had seen one in a cage hanging to a public-house wall.

The ignorance of Nature was coupled with an ignorance, equally great, of all the noble forms of human life.

Votes for Country Life.

President Roosevelt says country life is the best. "The wrong twist," the President added, "given to our education in the past is largely responsible for the present unhealthy development of the city at the expense of the country. No nation has been permanently great whose city population was enormous as compared with its country population."

He urged the students he was addressing at the time to take up agricultural work, first for others, but ultimately so as to acquire farms of their own.

Unnecessary Operations.

It is pretty generally admitted now that many unnecessary operations are performed by surgeons. Professor Dieulafoy, of Paris, has just read a paper before the Academy of Medicine, in which he criticised surgeons for frequently operating for appendicitis on insufficient grounds. The professor says that a very large number of persons have had a perfectly healthy appendix removed by surgeons who have mistaken the symptoms of their patients.

Health and Morals.

A poor state of morals is often the result merely of a low state of health. So, at least, says Sir Frederick Treves. In the poorer parts of great cities, he said, drinking habits still prevailed among many women. He was positively convinced that such habits depended more on ill-health than on ill-morals. The morals of the people were much more dependent on their physical state than perhaps they were disposed to allow. There was a predisposition in some quarters to judge of the effect of gymnastic training by one thing only—the circumference of the chest. That, of course, was a fallacy. Why the circumference of the chest should be of any particular value it was hard to say.

ONE-DISH DINNERS.

A Plea for the Simple Meal.

EDWARD CARPENTER, the great prose poet, devotes one of his essays in "England's Ideal" to a beautifully phrased plea for simplicity in diet.

"In most modern households," he says, "the largest account is the butcher's. I find that our bill runs up to £10 a year, and this is less than in the Royal household, where it reaches £9,472. If our princes and their attendants were to adopt a more frugal diet (say like that of the Caliph Omar, who rode from Medina to Jerusalem with a bag of dates and a bag of corn at his saddle-bow), they would probably be quite as cheerful as now, and there would be a great saving to the nation.

THE CRAVING FOR MEAT.

"The causes of the craving for a meat diet seem to be similar to those of the craving for other stimulants. For though flesh is not generally considered a stimulant, a little attention will show that its action is of like nature. It very quickly produces a sense of well-being, liable to be followed by reaction and depression; and this action, though innocuous in its smaller degrees, becomes seriously harmful when flesh is made a staple article of diet. . . .

BETTER THAN MEAT.

"On the whole, and for habitual use, I do not know what can be pleasanter or more nourishing than the cereals (rice, wheat, etc.), milk, eggs, cheese, bread, butter, vegetables, and fruits of all kinds; and they seem to me to stand by one for hard work and endurance better than flesh. Excellent dishes can be compounded of these materials; though probably the less cooking there is the better. As to the fearful and wonderful recipes contained in cookery books, the formula

Serve up hot and throw out of the window—might with advantage be appended to most of them.

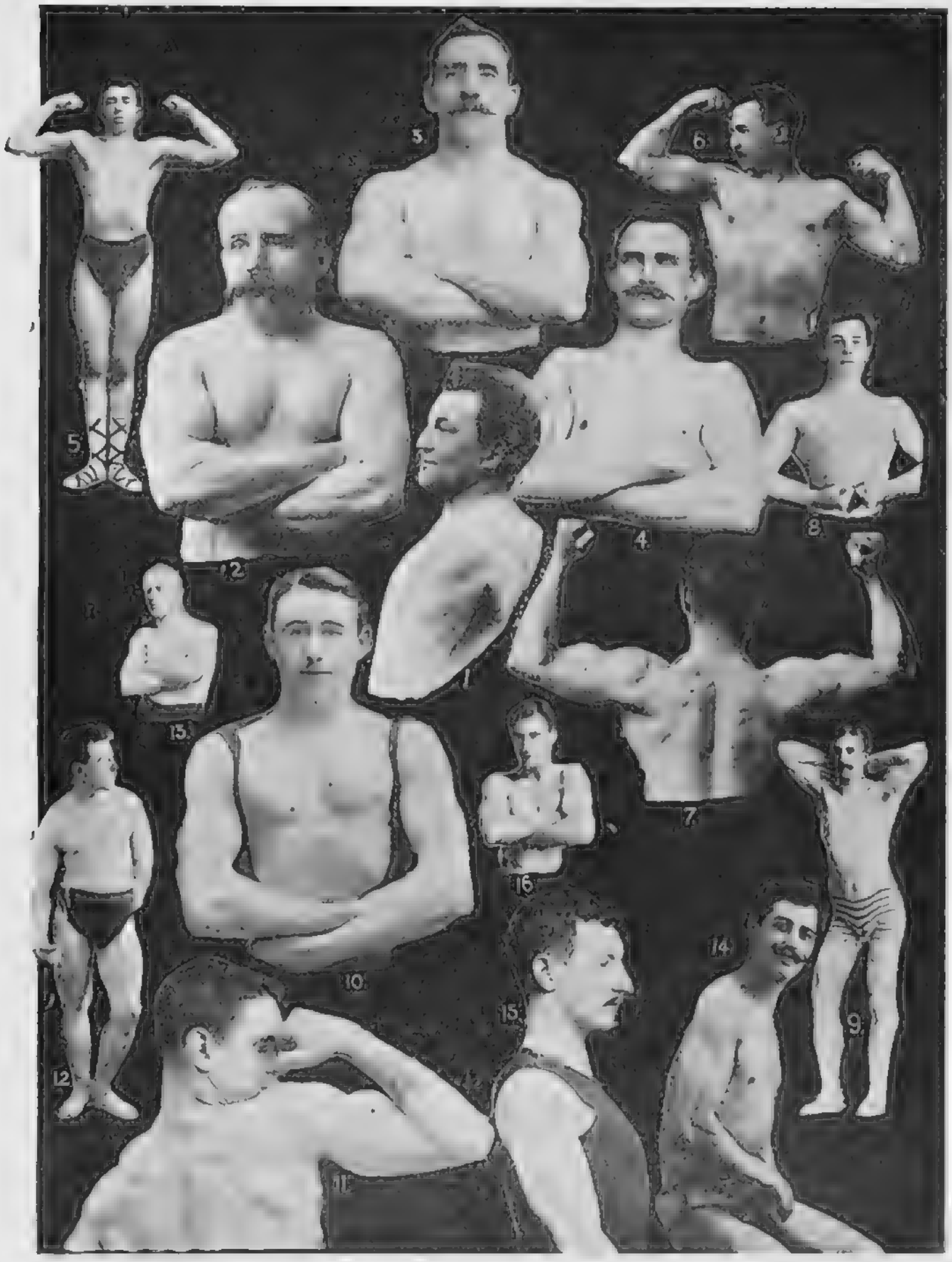
HOW TIME IS WASTED.

"I am convinced that there is a most abominable and idiotic waste of time in connection with this subject in all our well-to-do establishments. If the pleasure given bore any proportion to the expenditure of time and labour, there might be some sense in the matter, but it doesn't. Fancy a small household of five or six persons requiring a cook—*i.e.*, a person engaged all day long in preparing food for them. Is it not out of all reason?

"The orthodox dinner, reduced even to its lowest terms, involves say meat, two vegetables, and a pudding—four dishes, all requiring cooking! The labour this represents per annum, and just for one meal a day, is something fearful. And it is not a comfortable meal; let alone the disagreeable smells involved in its preparation — smells which necessitate sitting-rooms being a long way from the kitchens, and houses altogether more extensive and cumbrous than they need be—it is a meal having no centre of gravity; you cannot for the life of you tell the proper proportion these dishes bear to each other.

ONLY ONE DISH.

"Would it not be better to have just one dish (like the family bowl seen in the Highland cabins and elsewhere) combining in itself all the needful qualities of nutrition and tastiness, with perhaps a few satellite platters around for any adjuncts or off-sets that might be deemed appropriate? This central dish (the only one requiring immediate cookery), say some golden-orbed substantial omelet, or vast vegetable pie, or savoury and nutritious soup, or solid expanse of macaroni and cheese, or steaming mountain of rice surrounded by stewed fruit, or even plain bowl of fermenty, would represent the sun or central fire of our system, while around it in planetary order would circle such other viands as would give the housewife a minimum of trouble to provide—chunks of bread and cheese, figs, raisins, oatmeal cakes, fresh fruit, or what not. Here would no second relay of plates be necessary, and victuals which could not face each other on the table would not be forced into spiteful conflict within the man. Even the knife and fork would almost disappear, washing up would become an affair of a few minutes, and the housewife's work before and after dinner would be reduced to a trifle compared with what it is now."



Another Group of "Sandow Magazine" Readers.

1 C. Nicholson, Hull 2 C. J. Ward, Christchurch, N.Z. [illegible]
4 J. C. Townsend, Cricklewood [illegible] 8 Ronald H. Rowe, Co. address [illegible]
11 A. B. Bamforth, [illegible] 12 W. West, [illegible]
13 St. John Tonkin, Ceylon [illegible]

READERS' CLUB.

President - - EUGEN SANDOW.

Motto:—**One may Help Many.**

For the exchange of ideas, personal experience and photos for the encouragement of Club Members. Every Reader is a Club Member.

Readers are expected to act up to the Club Motto.

and for services rendered the President will award to the sender of every published idea, experience or photo, the Club Fellowship Medal as a token that the rightful owner has earned the Fellowship of the Club.

Dodging the Doctors.

Aberdare.

SIR,—As a reader of your valuable magazine of over five years' standing, and as one who has received great benefit through following the advice given in same, together with your system of Physical Culture, I thought that perhaps the benefits I have received would help to spur other readers on to success. I am now enjoying splendid health, despite the nature of my occupation requiring me to spend the whole of the day in clouds of coal dust. I am also proud to be able to say that I have not had occasion to consult a doctor for five years, which I think is a very fair record for this locality. I have not yet had the pleasure of seeing a letter in the pages of "S.M.R.C." from this town, and I should feel greatly honoured if I should be the first to succeed in winning a Fellowship Medal in this district.

J. H. JEWELL.

A Gunner's Experiences.

Shoeburyness.

SIR,—For the past six months I have taken in your magazines, but I trust you will look over the confession I have to make, for although I always carefully read the greater part of the solid information contained in your fine little mag., I have never until this week looked through the portion allotted to the "Readers' Club," which is undoubtedly most interesting. In the letter which accompanied my competition photos., I gave only the bare outline of my experiences, but as I now think I would like to join your "Readers' Club," I will set them down a little more fully.

In September, 1905, my chum, of the name of Marsden, and myself started off on your system, or rather he started me off. For the first three weeks I used my clenched hands only; then, at the end of that time, I boiled some gutta-percha and squeezed out a pair of grips. At the end of a fortnight I got a pair of your bells, and have stuck to them regularly ever since.

In November, Marsden was drafted away to India, and I picked up another chap I knew. We exercised on your system, and boxed together, and in December, 1905, my chum, Collicutt by name, was twice runner-up in open Novices' Competitions. In January, February, and March, 1906, he defeated five opponents, amongst whom was C. Bint, the best middleweight in Southend, and F. O. Slade, a twelve-stone boxer and wrestler of some repute in this district.

Last month Collicutt transferred to the Reserve, and consequently that put the damper on our little escapades, which, thanks to your system, entirely seemed to be going very strong. Since that time I have started no less than five fellows off; but, apparently because their muscles did not bulge sufficiently at the end of a fortnight or so, they threw it up, except two, and as one of them has stuck to it over two months and the other five weeks, I think they intend to remain with me.

As for myself, I can honestly say it is the finest thing any young man can take up, for, as I mentioned before, although I was something of a moderate athlete before, I showed no development to speak of, until after taking up your invaluable system. If you care to publish the photograph of Collicutt and myself enclosed with this, I shall be pleased to see it in your magazine, and it will no doubt be of interest to any Southenders who see it, as Collicutt fought and won on two or three occasions at the Southend Kursaal.

GEORGE TYSON (Gunner).

Works 14 Hours a Day.

Barnsbury.

SIR,—I am a baker by trade, and have to work 14 hours a day, and I take your exercises as given in your valuable book, "Strength, and How to Obtain It." I feel a different man altogether since starting Physical Culture. I used to suffer from indigestion till I took up your exercises, but now I have got as good a digestion as anybody. I think nothing of walking four or five miles after I have done work, at the rate of five miles an hour. I would not miss my exercises for anything, as I gain so much benefit from them.

GEO. KIRBY.

Study Physiology.

Longton, Staffs.

SIR,—Although I have only taken your magazine in for twelve months, I have been studying Physical Culture for the past three years, and find it essential not only for physical strain, but for mental as well. I do not believe in developing big ugly muscles, but believe in medium systematic exercises indoors, plenty of outdoor sports, with deep breathing a prominent feature. As regards diet, I believe in three meals a day system, selected from the following: Stewed prunes and figs, boiled milk, eggs, and butter, brown bread, cheese, beef and mutton moderately, vegetables, ground rice, apples, oranges, grape-nuts, dry toast, and nuts, etc. I really think there is not half the fruit eaten as there ought to be. I also recommend a cold bath daily, if possible, or at least a cold sponge, accompanied by a brisk rubbing with the towel. I should like to state to my fellow readers that a course of one season or more at some evening school on physiology, is a great help to all Physical Culturists. ALBERT FINNEY.

A Useful Hint.

Smethwick.

SIR,—I am writing to the R.C. to point out a mistake a great many make who go in for the Sandow system.

For the first two or three months they practise concentration very well, until they get control of the muscles, and can contract any muscle at will. After that comes the mistake made by quite half of my friends. When once they have learned the exercises they often let the mind wander off what they are doing; that is, they contract their muscles forcibly enough, but they are probably thinking of the next movement. One very old pupil I watched was putting enough grit into his own exercises, but was admiring the triceps of the fellow in front. He would develop big muscles, but not get that fine connection between brain and brawn that is to be most admired. Pupils making this mistake are absolutely leaving half your system out, and not the worst half either. R. COTTRELL.

Wales Wakens Up.

Cardiff.

SIR,—Having seen one of your readers writing as to not seeing any Welsh readers' experiences, I have much pleasure in sending mine. It is four years now since I first took up Physical Culture. I then bought one pair of Sandow's Grip Dumb-bells, and worked at them only for a short time, during which I improved in health and strength; but through the inconvenience of the living-in system, I had to give it up, but am thankful to say I am not living-in now. So I again took to Physical Culture, with so much success that I have now good health and strength. Before taking to your system I used to be troubled with fainting at the least sight of blood. But thanks to Physical Culture, have quite conquered the trouble.

J. MATTHEWS.

Dual Development.

Bombay.

SIR,—Since your visit to India eighteen months ago, I have interested myself in your system of Physical Culture, and can lay claim to having been a reader of your very instructive little magazine for some time. I bought a set of your Developers over a year ago, but after three months' effortless work I took a fit of laziness, so common to the East, and "chucked it." My health waned in consequence of lack of sufficient exercise, and I decided to have another try, and bought a pair of your Grip Dumb-bells. I have had nearly four months' exercise, and am very pleased to say have progressed satisfactorily, and have gained considerably in health, strength, and moral power. My muscles are beginning to show signs of improvement, to the extent of inches, but I intend to persevere, and make myself at 24 what I ought to have done at 16—more like a man. The benefits I derive from reading your mag. are untold, and I look longingly for the mail to bring it in. I get it from the bookstall, usually getting the whole month's reading at one time.

If the youth of the present day would pay more attention to their reading and bodily health, there would be less talk of the declension of our race. I look upon Physical Culturists as the religious men of our time. They practise what they preach, and develop a sound mind in a sound body (I can't express myself in Latin). Too much spiritual instruction renders a person effeminate, just as too much attention to physical development brutalises. But your system develops body and mind, and tends to that state of physical perfection which Almighty God desires us to be in. W. HARRISON.

Not Being Downhearted.

Wednesbury.

SIR,—I have used your Grip Dumb-bells and also Developer for the last eighteen months. When I first started I could hardly grip the bells together, but not being down-hearted I stuck to it, with most beneficial results. In the early part of 1905 I went away from home to work, and my bed-fellow not being a Physical Culturist, I persuaded him to give it a trial, and he has gone in for it ever since. I have got another friend and also my brother to take up Physical Culture.

In a recent issue of your mag. you published a few remarks made by one of our famous generals, about our becoming mere onlookers at games. Perhaps it did not strike him that perhaps most of the spectators are Physical Culturists or attend some gymnasium, and prefer to do their exercises quietly, than race about football fields, etc. I never go in for games myself, for the simple reason I have to work nights and Saturday afternoons in an office full of dusty, musty old books, but I don't think I compare badly with those who go in for sports (thanks to you). E. MANN.

[The price of a Chest Expander Chart is 7s. 6d., or one is included in Developer Outfit at inclusive cost of 12s. 6d.—THE PRESIDENT.]

Some Irish Enthusiasts.

Belfast.

SIR,—Enclosed please find a photo. of the team of City of Belfast Gymnasium. I also enclose hand-bill which will give you all particulars about us. You will notice that the system of Physical Culture advocated by you is taught to us, and for the first quarter every session we *have to* go through your course, and it is from boys who have worked in the said course that our teams are chosen. You will notice how well developed the boys are. The instructor (Sergt.-Major Leggett) and all the team, not to mention yours truly, who is their secretary, are all ardent Physical Culturists, with the result shown. This year has been a very good one with us, we, a junior team, worked our way into the final of the Leahy-Kelly-Leahy Junior Shield, only to be knocked out by a lot of far older boys. All the same, we are proud of our success, and I hope we will lift the said Shield next season.

In connection with this gymnasium, there is a very fine ladies' class, a team of whom are admittedly the finest club-swingers in this city. They are to have their photos. taken next week or so, and I shall let you have a photo. of them. They also are trained on your system, and are very fond of it, often asking the instructor to put them through some part of it.

I may tell you *that we are the* ONLY *Gym. in this city* (out of 14) who advertise to teach the "course of Physical Culture as advocated by you," and *the only Gym. which includes Physical Culture in their ordinary routine.*

T. H. KEOWN, JNR., *Hon. Secretary.*

The Old Story.

Paisley, N.B.

SIR,—I have often thought that I would write and tell you how your system of Physical Culture put me on the road to health again, and when you started the Readers' Club I made up my mind to do so.

For four years I was troubled with my stomach and liver, and could not get any relief, and during that time took enough medicine to fill a druggist's shop; but I got worse, and began to lose weight, and felt worse in the morning than on going to bed at night. Then a friend of mine told me you were about to start a competition in *Answers*, and knowing my condition, asked me to go in for it, which I did, after getting your Developers and Dumb-bells. I worked very hard at it, but it made no difference at first. I kept pegging away at it though, for which I reaped my reward, for I regained my health. To you it is I owe my health of to-day, and cannot thank you enough, and I have started my brother and some friends in your system.

R. W. LAUGHTON.

A Sandow Party.

Gainsborough.

SIR,—I take this liberty of writing to you in the hopes I may be permitted to join your Readers' Club. I may say I have taken your mag. since the sixpenny days, and find it very valuable. We are four in family, and are all ardent "Sandowites." My two sisters are at present taking postal courses from the President, and my brother and self both possess Spring Grips, Developer, etc. making in all a complete gymnasium. Since the time I started the "Culture" I have improved in stamina and vitality and physical and mental energy. Physical Culture practised on scientific lines is undoubtedly a great asset.

G. A. MEADOWS.

A Good Example.

Redruth.

SIR,—I have only been taking in your magazine for three months, but I have learned a good deal in that short time. I have been using your Dumb-bells for a long time now, and am going to try Developer next month. My ambition is, not to lift heavy weights, but to secure the best health it is possible to obtain; not to boast of strength against the weak, but to see the weak stronger.

There never was a better time than the present for Club Readers to act up to the motto, "One can help many," by helping Miss Hawthorn in her grand work. I have sent my mite, and hope every reader will try and do the same.

W. H. ANDREWS.

[I have received a letter from Miss Hawthorn, of the Tiny Tim's Guild, acknowledging contribution from Mr. Andrews. Any other reader who would like to assist Miss Hawthorn in her good work on behalf of crippled children should send their contribution to her at the Leysian Mission, 112, City Road, London, E.C.]

Meant Well, but Sounds Quaint.

Hongkong.

SIR,—Having taken such a keen interest in the SANDOW'S MAGAZINE Readers' Club as a member, and your system of training, I hope you will find some space for this letter in your mag. for the benefit of Club readers and experience.

I must really confess my doings for taking up your system of Physical Culture since July last (when you paid a visit out here), and my reason is to make myself a champion swimmer again with your world-renowned combined Developer.

I was a champion swimmer for three years in succession (1901-3), without the help of Sandow's Developer, and was totally defeated in the last two years. Last year I made better performances, with only two months' training of your system, as the following appendix will show:—

HONGKONG SWIMMING RECORDS.

Distance	1901. First	1901. Second	1902. First	1902. Second	1903. First	1903. Second	1904. First	1904. Second	1905. First	1905. Second
[illegible]	*A. A. Alves	N. H. Alves	N. H. Alves	A. V. Barros	N. H. Alves	J. Witchell	J. Witchell	C. Cooke	J. Witchell	N. H. Alves
2 yds.	N. H. Alves	A. A. Alves	N. H. Alves	C. Cooke	C. Cooke	N. H. Alves	C. Cooke	J. Witchell	J. Witchell	N. H. Alves
100 yds.	—	—	—	—	N. H. Alves	C. Cooke	C. Humphreys	N. H. Alves	J. Witchell	N. H. Alves

I am taking great pains with your Developer, for this year's championships, every morning and evening since my last year's defeat. The sports are held annually in September, with plunging, diving, and handicap races. Do you think that if I'm not successful this year I will give it up for next or ever? Certainly not. Cannot succeed, try it again, with more life and energy, and mean it, too.

What made me to take up your Physical Culture to better myself for the swimming championships of Hongkong is the following extract from your own article to the *V.R.C. Magazine*, dated August, 1905, when you were on your tour round the world: "I always maintain that if you take two men, equally expert at a game, the stronger man must always win;" and so in my case, as a swimmer, I am far from strong.

Hope you will not think this is too long a letter, but I have more to say, not for the mere purpose of exaggerating myself, but to encourage members of the S.M.R.C. who are competitors of the amateur championship class of all branches of Sport, should go in for training with Sandow's combined Developer or Spring Grip Dumb-bells. In my case I preferably choose the former, because it keeps you away from laziness, which some pupils have a tendency to. As an example of this, many of my friends asked how I did not get tired or sick over it by doing lonely and quietly. Well, I do not know that myself, but I know that I am trying to show what a plucky swimmer will attempt with Sandow's Developer. As regards to pluck, I'm covered with it, from head to foot. The definition of "luck" should be "the result of a plucky attempt," and, therefore, all experts of games or sports should not wait for luck, barring accidents.

N. H. ALVES.

P.S.—*A. A. Alves. This gentleman is my brother, and also your pupil some nine or ten years ago. He won many swimming, rowing, and cycling championships for six years (1896—1901) and his method of training was with Sandow's Developer, which is a good proof that "Muscles do not make men slow."

ONE OF THE OLYMPIERS
Whose performance is described elsewhere in this number.

Physical Culture and Ambulance Work.

Stafford.

SIR,—I am now 23 years of age and have followed up Physical Culture very closely for the past nine or ten years. I may tell you that I am a member of the St. John Ambulance Association, and am in possession of two certificates, the first of which I gained in 1899, so you will see that I have made what might be termed a life-study of Physical Culture. I do not hesitate to assert that my health is absolutely perfect, and my physique generally is very good. This I attribute to the constant use of your various appliances for Physical Development (more particularly the Grip Dumb-bells), careful observation of the valuable information always contained in your magazine, and paying special attention to the likes and dislikes of one's self, for what is food for one is poison for another.

I am a teetotaler and non-smoker, and a strong believer in a plain, wholesome diet, avoiding as much as possible potatoes and pastry. Cold water is the only kind of liquid that I take with the exception of breakfast and tea times. Then I invariably take a little tea, and this in a very weak form.

My chief and favourite sports are walking, swimming, rowing, and sculling. I strongly recommend the daily use of your Grip Dumb-bells, for preference in the early morning about half-an-hour after rising. I myself go through the whole course in the morning, and oftener than not in the evening too (Sundays excepted).

G. F. PRINCE.

ARTICLETTES.

Names that Live.

The cycle championship of France, which resulted in a victory for Friol, recalls some famous names in connection with cycling in France. The honour is more coveted by Frenchmen than any other, and the winner has the sole privilege of wearing the "tricolour" jersey for the year. Rarely has the event been contested by so many masters of the art of quick pedalling as this year, such men as Poulain, Dupré, Thuan, Piard, and Hourlier being exceptionally good in a very good year. One of the earliest names on the shield is that of Midinger, who paid a flying visit to England in 1885. His record is unique, as he won in 1883, 1884, 1885, and 1887, and his loss in 1886 was owing to a misunderstanding at the bell. Cassignard won the event three times in succession, and such names as Bourrillon, Morin, and Jacquelin on the scroll make the Championnat de France much coveted among Frenchmen.

Occupations and Longevity.

Dr. Schofield, formerly examiner for the National Health Society, gives in his book on "Nerves in Order," an interesting table of the various occupations arranged in the order of the longevity of the people following them: Clergy (Church of England); Dissenting ministers; farmers, agricultural labourers, grocers, lawyers, drapers, coal-miners, watchmakers, artists, shoemakers, bakers, clerks, chemists (apothecaries), greengrocers, tailors, doctors, butchers, painters, musicians, cab and "bus" men, sweeps, publicans, metal-miners, bankers, London labourers, barmen (barkeepers). There is significance in the fact that the barmen appear at the bottom of the list.

Sober Cab-Drivers.

According to Mr. J. Scott, manager of the London Improved Cab Company, the cab-drivers of London are the most sober of the working classes, in spite of all temptations. Witness suggested that the town radius should be extended to six miles. He mentioned that hansom cabs were hired out at 11s. 3d. per day, and four-wheelers at 10s. 6d. per day.

A Golden Rule.

"Look forward to the important crises of your life," said President Elliott, of Harvard University, to a class of Freshmen. "They are nearer than you are apt to imagine. It is a very safe protective rule to live to-day as if you were going to marry a pure woman within a month. That rule you will find a safeguard for pure living."

Laudanum Drinkers.

Members of Parliament have been engaged in discussing and condemning the opium traffic of India and China, while a corresponding evil within our own shores is passed over without notice. The Orientals smoke opium; thousands of persons in England, male and female, drink it in the form of laudanum, which is simply a tincture prepared by dissolving the drug in dilute alcohol.

A provincial chemist, of wide experience, has stated that he supplied several men and women with 3 ounces of laudanum daily. "What constitutes a fatal dose?" he was asked. "A drachm, or teaspoonful, has been known to cause death." "And yet you are permitted to sell 3 ounces without medical authority!"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Laudanum is a commercial article, and may be sold indiscriminately. It is retailed at 2½d. and 3d. per ounce, and is thus placed within reach of the poorest class of the community. A conscientious druggist might refuse to serve an applicant if he had reason to believe the drug was to be used for other than medicinal purposes, but his business would suffer, and the victim of the opiate habit would be able to gratify his desire elsewhere.

"The majority of laudanum drinkers," he continued, "are women of the lower class. The habit may originate in cases of severe pain or insomnia; the taste may be acquired, as with alcohol, or transmitted hereditarily."

Sir Wilfrid's Theory.

On the cricket notice-board in Sir Wilfrid Lawson's park at Bray appears the following:—

There is only one game—that is cricket.
There is only one life—that is farming.
There is only one sport—that is fox-hunting.
There is only one drink—that is tea.
There is only one country—that is England.
There is only one county—that is Cumberland

Race for Health.

The "race for health" is a phrase that will presently be generally used. It appears to have recently occurred to almost every other prosperous Englishman that health is a valuable possession, and he, therefore, attends to it as his predecessors never did, except in extreme old age or actual pain.—*The Graphic.*

To Encourage Camping Out.

The National Cycle Camping Club has just been formed by Mr. T. H. Holding with a membership of nearly 100. The object of the organisation is to unite lovers of camping among cyclists, motorists, boating parties, etc.

Where Education has Failed.

THE hearty way in which the medical press has supported the ever-growing movement in favour of the physical education of the young gives cause for pleasure. The medical and allied periodicals have also lent their valuable assistance in every possible way. From the *Hospital*, in which a long and interesting article on Physical Education appeared recently, we quote the following :—

Few more hopeful steps have been made in the desired direction than those recently indicated by Mrs. Humphry Ward in her letters to the *Times* on the subject of teaching the children of the poor to play, and of affording them surroundings in which systematised play would be rendered possible; for there can be no question, as a matter of physiological fact, that the ordinary child life of the slums of great cities does not afford a sufficient stimulus to metabolism to provide for the healthy growth and renewal of blood and tissue, or for the healthy accomplishment of secretion. The very attitudes of the slum hobbledehoy or loafer are sufficient to show that his lungs have never been healthfully expanded, and that even such an atmosphere as his surroundings enable him to breathe has never been permitted thoroughly to fill his air-cells.

For the last five-and-thirty years, it is now becoming manifest, the country has been spending enormous sums of money upon a system of education from which the practical benefits to the community are as yet not very manifest. It has given for the outlay a juvenile town population of undersized and badly nourished character, able, indeed, to read election placards, advertisements, and gambling intelligence, but wanting in sound judgment, and possessing but little knowledge of a kind calculated to render them better or more useful citizens. We fear there is only too much resemblance amongst us to the population of Rome during the second century of the Christian era. All students of human development are well aware that the offspring of such a population can only be raised above the level of their parents by conditions which will give them better brains as one portion of better bodies. In the establishment of such conditions the medical profession must be the only capable guides, because they are the only people whose knowledge of physiology enables them to look through details to principles, and thus to avoid a slavish adherence to precedent with regard to objects which are capable of being attained by more than a single method.

The Physiology of Anger.

You Risk your Life Each Time you Get Angry.

ANGER, says a writer, is the intoxication of the passions; like inebriety, by indulging it grows into a disease. "I cannot help it," says the drunkard; and with equal vehemence the passionate man declares he cannot help being angry, when the occasion pushes him into it. At first strong provocations are necessary to overcome him, but gradually he is more and more easily provoked till trifles unbalance him, and results ensue utterly disproportionate to the cause.

We cannot afford to be angry. It costs us too much of energy and nerve and self-control; and it costs us too much in reputation, character, and social standing. It unfits us for every pleasure, unmans us for skilful labour, and embarrasses us in every kind of business. It becomes a weakness that disgusts our best friends, pleases our worst enemies, and lowers us in our own estimation. It is unreasonable, impolitic, and demoralising. It confuses judgment, entangles the spirits, and leaves us prostrate before the meanest antagonist. It really unfits us for life's duties, debauches every manly instinct, and shortens life. Every time a man becomes "white" or red with anger, he is in danger of his life.

THE HEART AND BRAIN

are the organs mostly affected when fits of passion are indulged in. Not only does anger cause partial paralysis of the small blood vessels, but the heart's action becomes intermittent; that is, every now and then it drops a beat—much the same thing as is experienced by excessive smokers. I believe many a man and woman have unfitted themselves for a tranquil, peaceful, enjoyable old age—if,

indeed, they have been permitted to attain old age—by weakening and warping their physical and moral powers through petulance of spirits and irritation of nervous strain caused by indulgence in the passion of anger. Harmony and restfulness of spirit, strength, and equanimity of disposition, and kindly and lovable affection are unknown to these unreasonable, irascible, touch-me-not, thin-skinned people.

It can be avoided. I used to be easily angered, says a contributor to the *Family Doctor*. But forty years ago I was so completely overcome by this passion that I was almost delirious, and came near becoming a criminal. Then I was determined I would not again be angry; and I gradually found that by thoroughly training my emotions and making reason supreme I could control myself under the most provoking circumstances, till it is now perhaps twenty years since I have been conscious of being angry.

How to Treat Insomnia.

The Dangers of the Drug Habit.

SLEEPLESSNESS to a greater or less degree is present in nearly all cases of acute disease, often after surgical operations, and all disorders accompanied by severe pain. Insomnia in these states is temporary and physical, and disappears as the disease improves.

The ordinary hypnotics given do not have to be kept up, and the danger of habitual use of any of these is not great. The troublesome insomnias, then, are not in this class of cases. The persistent and difficult cases are those in which physical and psychical disorders of the brain have caused more or less habitual insomnia, many of the victims of which become addicted to alcohol, chloral, morphine, or cocaine. Outside of actual physical pain the most frequent causes of insomnia are stomach and intestinal irritation, cardio-vascular and kidney disorders, meningeal irritation, too highly exciting intellectual pursuits, and over-stimulating and narcotising poisons, such as alcohol and opium. But all of these causes are so much more active to produce the condition in certain neurotic constitutions that insomnia may fairly be said to be inherited, or at least the disposition so early acquired that it amounts to the same thing. The tax which the ordinary activities and the occasional stresses of life bring are followed by tossing and restlessness at night or unrefreshing sleep.

Dr. J. E. Courtney says the subject of insomnia has a voluminous literature, both lay and scientific.

THE CONDITION OF THE SLEEPLESS BRAIN is one of irritation from overtax; probably oftener from over, than from under, supply of blood. What shall be done for the victim of insomnia is a large subject, so dependent are we for an answer on individual peculiarities, the causes and complicating troubles.

In a general way, we may say that all toxic and irritating, mental and physical influences, must be removed so far as possible. Hysteria and neurasthenia, and acute insanity are among the most frequent troubles encountered in cases of insomnia. To divert the mind from exciting and painful channels of thought it is certainly difficult, but must be attempted in those in whom the psychical and not the physical is most at fault. Travel and change of scene are often beneficial. Seclusion and rest at home may accomplish as much, when to leave would be too inconvenient. Specific sleep-inducing measures and drugs are the hot bath before retiring; cold sponging and light massage in reasonable robust persons; exercise in the open air, short of over-fatigue, and avoidance of heavy evening meals. A glass of hot milk at bed-time often proves effective.

In all of these cases the danger of establishing a drug habit must be guarded against. The hypnotic drugs should be varied or given in different ways so as not to be recognised, and the name made familiar to the patient; and if hypodermically, never given by the patient himself. It is often difficult to stop hypnotic drugs, especially in persons who have been cured of morphinism, the substitute hypnotic is often hard to withdraw. A gradual reduction, and finally merely a pinch of salt in water is as easy as any way out of the trouble.—*Health*.

"SANDOW'S MAGAZINE" GOLD MEDAL PHOTO. COMPETITION.

Having regard to the rapid strides in popularity which have been made recently by physical culture, and the fact that five years have elapsed since we instituted our Great Competition, which, as everyone knows, culminated in the mammoth gathering at the Albert Hall, we feel that the inauguration of this magazine in its new form would be a fitting time to revive the Competition which was such a signal success before. The conditions on the present occasion will be slightly varied in order to meet the altered state of things which prevail. It will be remembered that in the first great Competition all entrants were on an equal footing, but as this is obviously to the great disadvantage of those whose bodies are not fully developed, this time we shall give, each month, medals for two classes, full particulars being given in the conditions set out below.

Conditions of the Competition.

(1) The Competition will be for the purpose of encouraging physical culture amongst all classes

(2) The judging will be from photographs (back and front if possible) and properly authenticated measurements on the coupon.

(3) A Gold Medal will be presented each month to the one who, in the opinion of the judges, shows the best development and most symmetrical measurements amongst (a) those eighteen years of age or under, and (b) those over eighteen years of age.

(4) No photos can be returned.

(5) The right is reserved to publish any of the photos submitted for competition.

(6) No winner in a previous "Sandow Magazine" Gold Medal Photo. Competition is eligible.

(7) The coupon on this page stands good until the last day of the month, and the awards will be announced in another issue.

(8) Competitors from abroad will be entered in the month of receipt of Coupon, providing it was sent during the month for which it is available.

As a new generation, so to speak, of physical culturists has sprung up since the first competition, it will be interesting to compare the general physique then and now.

COUPON FOR JUNE.

Name of Competitor.....

Address .....

MEASUREMENTS.

Age .....

Height .....

Weight .....

Chest Contracted .....

Chest Expanded .....

Waist .....

Upper Arm R .....

Fore Arm R.....

Upper Arm L .....

Fore Arm L .....

Hips .....

Thigh R .....

Calf R.....

Thigh L.....

Calf L .....

Ankle .....

Neck .....

We hereby certify that the above measurements are correct. (SIGNED).

Name .....

.....

.....

Name .....

.....

.....

All Photos sent in must have the name of the Competitor written plainly on the back, and, if possible, the measurements should be witnessed by at least one medical man.

HOW SARAH BERNHARDT "RESTS."

Rises at five and Lives mostly Out-of-doors.

"RESTING," in theatrical parlance, is a word that is usually taken as signifying unemployed. But it has a different significance in Sarah Bernhardt's case. The divine Sarah has somewhat strenuous ideas of "resting."

When she is holidaying, she usually resorts to her fort on Belle Isle, in Brittany.

Nothing could be barer and rockier than the surroundings of the fort once, but Bernhardt's magic will has made fruit trees and flowers grow, though her friends and the inhabitants said she never would. She also has melons and vegetables, all under her supervision.

She was told it would be impossible to dig a well on the property. But the well was dug, and there is water.

SHIRTS FOR "JOSEPH."

Then she was assured that figs would not grow. But there's no such word as fail in the lexicon of the great actress. A fig tree was planted, and last year bore sixteen figs.

Bernhardt gave it her own special attention, as though it were a child. She named it "Joseph," and had some shirts made for it. When there is a chilly breeze "Joseph" wears a shirt. When the sun shines it is taken off. Often in the evenings, in lightest array, Bernhardt risks a cold to see if "Joseph" has his shirt.

She writes to a friend:—

"You want to know what I do at Belle Isle. I rest. I rest by fatiguing myself. I lead a paradoxical life at Paris, as you know. One must breathe, nevertheless.

"The same destiny which has made me the servant of an art in which the brain, heart, sensibility, intelligence alone work, has given me also a taste, a need, a mania for physical movement. How do I reconcile these two? I do not, but I go to Belle Isle.

"I see you laugh: 'What! Belle Isle for a nature so insatiable? It is so little —Belle Isle.'

"Yes, Belle Isle is tiny, but it is wild, and it is immense, because Belle Isle is one of the points of the old world—the first of Europe plunged into the ocean, because the infinite ocean throws from all sides against its black rocks, its green and burning waves.

A 'STRENUOUS LIFER.'

"That is why I love Belle Isle; for its solitude, for its silence, for its wildness, for its fishers, for its transparent and glassy sea, for its sky, sometimes black and sometimes blue, for all the splendid spectacles that Nature provides there, for all I find of dream, ideal and beauty there.

"You ask me what I do with my time. Here is the dry statement of facts. When you have read it you will say that I pay the best of attention to my lungs and muscles.

"Whatever the weather, I rise between 5 and 6 o'clock. Then the hunt. At 8 I return home, I put away my gun and I go shrimp-fishing. At 11 o'clock I come in from this and take my bath and dress. At 12.30 I have luncheon. After luncheon the siesta.

"The siesta is obligatory and sacred; it is my first moment of physical repose, of immobility, of silence. We stretch out on reclining chairs against the fort, protected from the breeze of the open sea. The watchword is 'Silence.' Each one meditates or reads, or sleeps, according to taste. Then, work.

"In the studio that I have built opposite the fort, each one has his corner. I read manuscripts, go over old roles, learn new ones, or work on my sculpture.

"At 5 we play tennis; afterwards we dine. Then there is music, and we go to bed.

"Then it all begins over again.

DIVINE SENSATION OF LIVING.

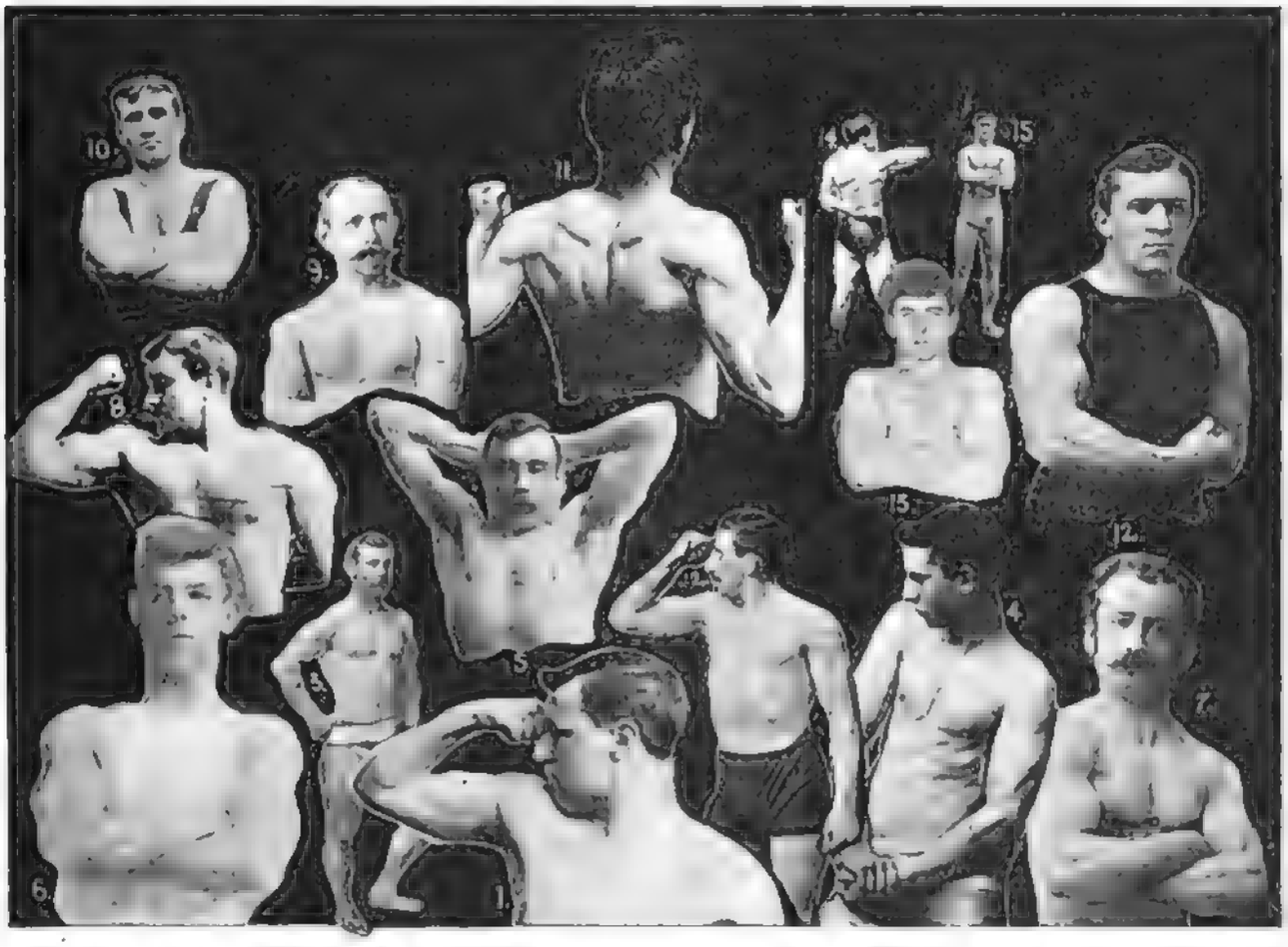
"These are my days at Belle Isle, dear friend. They are all alike. They are charming and splendid. I have the divine sensation of living them. Those are the only days among all in the fleeting year for me alone and for some beings near my heart. They are my reserve of rest! There I remake some will, store away health and activity.

"And I return to Paris without regret. I have had from Belle Isle all I was expecting, all that I ask from it. I return joyously to my art, to work, to life."

A sound mind in a sound body is a short but full description of a happy state in this world. He that hath these two hath little more to wish for here, and he that wants either of them will be but little better for anything else.

Germany's Motor Tax.

Germany has a very original system of motor cycle taxation, which, although falling rather heavily on those possessing high-power engines, commends itself for its simplicity of calculation. A minimum of 10 marks is charged on all motor cycles, with a sliding scale of two marks per horse-power from one to six inclusive, and three marks from 7 to 10-h.p. Efforts have been made to reduce this rate, and to have a fixed charge on all motor cycles up to 5-h.p. of 10 marks per year, and from 5 to 10-h.p. of 15 marks; but at present the suggestion has received no promise of favourable consideration from the authorities. The reduction would be considerable, as under the sliding scale cycles with engines of 6-h.p. pay into the revenue the sum of 22 marks, while those of 10-h.p. contribute another 9 marks. Inasmuch as the only machines in Germany with so high a horse-power as 10-h.p. are used for pacing purposes, the State can get but very little out of it, but the owner of a 3½ or 4-h.p. has to pay rather dearly for his fun.



MEN OF MUSCLE.

Some striking results of Physical Culture under the Sandow System.

1. J. H. Lambe, Wakefield. 2. J. Whellens, Alnwick. 3. J. Cullen, Hastings, New Zealand. 4. G. Dupan, Sydney. 5. A. R. Kerr, Blackpool. 6. A. P. Dale, Beith. 7. O. Mather, Boston, U.S.A. 8. C. Jones, Denbigh. 9. J. A. Smith, Edinburgh. 10. J. H. Brown (no address). 11. A. O'Mant, Cape Town. 12. Emil Zahn, Hackney. 13. J. H. A. Stapley, Cheltenham. 14. A. H. Bidgood, Clapham Junction. 15. M. F. Mulla, India.

FRAUDS THAT AFFECT HEALTH.

How Dishonest Traders Destroy National Efficiency.

IN these days when the practice of substitution is so rife the line of defence is nearly always that the substituted article is wholesome or without prejudice to health, and that therefore the selling of a sham is justifiable on hygienic grounds. We are occasionally asked, says the *Lancet*, why as medical journalists we interest ourselves in such questions as the substitution of cotton for linen or silk, or plain spirit for brandy, whisky, or rum, of glucose for cane sugar in marmalade, or of cheap fruit substitutes in jam, since no harm to the health can accrue from such well-recognised practices. We must admit that in some cases it is difficult to say with any certainty that the practice is directly prejudicial to health, although on ethical grounds there can be no doubt that in effect the sale of an article containing a large proportion of substitute unknown to the buyer is plainly and simply cheating. The onus of proof, however, that a substitute is without prejudice to health is, it seems to us, on the seller, but as a rule he is seldom able to produce any definite evidence in support of his view. He will, for instance, contend that cotton is a more hygienic article of clothing than linen, that plain spirit is more wholesome than genuine brandy or whisky, that turnip or vegetable marrow is better than apple, that glucose is superior to cane sugar, and so forth. His contention is very often no sounder than saying that milk is the better for being watered or for having its cream abstracted. And this furnishes us with an answer as to why we attack the whole practice of substitution. Apart from the fact that the principle is immoral, there can be obviously instances in which the substitute may not be wholesome, and prejudice to health may be a real factor. Food, at any rate, must be something more than wholesome, it must be nutritious, and any interference with its nutritious qualities must necessarily concern health. Milk-and-water may be wholesome, but the standard of nourishment of the mixture must obviously be lower than pure milk. Water is wholesome enough, but its use may be so liberal as to reduce the milk to the level of a "starvation diet." In the same way it is not improbable that many food substitutes, though not poisonous, are greatly inferior in nourishing quality to the genuine article, in which case we should be justified in saying that the use of such was distinctly prejudicial to health. Is glucose, for example, from the dietetic point of view as satisfactory as malt or cane sugar, or apple as nourishing as plum? It is open to doubt.

"Little Mothers."

L.C.C. Education Committee's Proposals for Training Girls.

"The care and management of babies" is the latest course of study the Education Committee of the L.C.C. proposes to add to the lessons for girls at the Council's schools.

It is suggested that the instruction shall be practical as well as theoretical, with real infants to experiment upon in place of dolls. There is, it has been reported to the committee, a considerable demand for the services of girls possessing some knowledge of the requirements of young children, more especially if they have received instruction in the making of infants' clothing, nursery cooking, and kindergarten work and games.

The suggested training includes:—

(1) Management of infants.
(2) Preparation of nursery foods.
(3) Lessons on infant hygiene.
(4) Cutting out and making clothes.
(5) Child study and kindergarten occupations.

As a result of correspondence between the management of a Home Life Training Institution at St. John's Wood, it is proposed to rent another house in the neighbourhood, and to train ten scholars each year, five in residence and five receiving daily instruction, changing over at the end of six months.

The experiment would cost £200 for equipment and £500 for maintenance the first year, and the Education Committee think the experiment would be "a very valuable one."

At present the members of the L.C.C. are not unanimous as to the advisability of carrying out the proposals.

The mystery with which some medical practitioners invest the whole subject of disease and its treatment savours of the ignorance and superstition of the Dark Ages. The intelligent man of to-day desires to know what his ailment is, and, as far as consistent, the nature of the proposed cure. He is then in a condition to render that hearty, intelligent co-operation which is so essential to the success of the treatment.—*Good Health.*

IN THE ARENA OF SPORT.

America's Swimming Champion.

C. M. Daniels, who is at present in England, and will compete in this year's swimming championship, has broken or equalled every American record from the 25 yards to the 220, and bettered or equalled several world's records. He is six feet tall, and weighs 147 lbs. He uses the double Trudgeon stroke with great effect. His arm stroke appears to be exceptionally leisurely, and does not look to do much of the driving. As a matter of fact, he uses a kick all his own that is in good part responsible for his speed. The first part is the ordinary scissors kick; but when the two feet are snapped together the stroke does not end there, as in the case of all other swimmers. Instead, both feet are allowed to go along in the course they were taking, and then are brought together for the second time. The result is a kick and a half in the time that the average swimmer takes one.

Four years ago, the elder Daniels brought a puny urchin, his son Charles, to the New York Athletic Club, tied a rope around his waist, and threw him into the tank. The youngster spluttered and floundered about, and, as he himself now puts it, "swallowed enough water to sink a warship."

Daniels' father says that for six months he could neither persuade his boy to come nor drag or carry him anywhere near the tank. The boy wished to row with schoolboy friends. His father forbade him to do so until he had learned to swim. Then the youngster determined to learn the natatorial art.

Every afternoon, after school, he hurried to the New York Athletic Club tank, until his figure became as familiar as the posts about the water. Gus Sunstrom, the coach, soon noted the exceptional aptitude of the boy. Within a year no schoolboy friends nor older acquaintances were a match for the light-haired youth.

Two years later, all the best swimmers were forced to give way before the newcomer. There was no special distance at which he was good. A fifty-yards swim suited him just as well as a mile race.

The same is true to-day. The N.Y.A.C. officials did not allow him to compete in the mile championship. They feared lest he goes stale, as he was entered in so many of the other races. Every expert is confident that he could have won that event with ease, and not have jeopardized his chances in the others.

He is without doubt one of the greatest swimmers that the world has ever known, the best that America has ever produced, and, judging by his present rate of improvement, one of the best that the world will ever know. There are those who are so radical as to predict that he will soon have every world's record to his credit.

Weight-Lifting.

A (open) weight-lifting competition is to take place at the "Atlas" Athletic Club, 1A, Forest Road, Dalston, on Monday, June 25th, 1906, for amateurs of any weight. Entries, accompanied with 1s. entrance fee, to be sent to secretary, Mr. A. J. Brunning, 24, Enfield Road, Kingsland, not later than Saturday, June 16th. Admission free to witness contest.

Country of Thick Heads.

Certain Moorish tribes of Morocco take a very real pride in the thickness of their skulls. The heads of their boys are kept closely shaven from the time when hair commences to show upon them, and are never covered, whatever the weather. This treatment so tends to thicken the cranium that the lads are able to fight with it. They butt as bulls do, and the weak point in the skull of the loser is frequently sought for by hammering his head with a stone. For a sum equal to one farthing these boys will split a hard brick across their own skulls. In boxing also these Moors receive the blows of their opponents upon their hardened pates.

"With medicine I have little to do, for, in the majority of cases, it is not necessary. I would rather produce pepsin, or pancreatin through the pancreas and stomach by rest, etc., than by introducing it (from the stomachs and pancreas of the pig) into the stomach of the human being. I have seen patients, and most physicians have seen the same, who have had their digestive organs almost destroyed by trusting to artificial digestion."—DR. THOMAS DUTTON, M.D., in his work on "Indigestion."

"I once, after returning from the tropics, was attacked with congestion of the liver and stomach, and finding simple remedies and drugs of no avail, I put myself on a very light dietary and plenty of exercise, and in a few weeks regained my usual health."—DR. THOMAS DUTTON, M.D.

Questions and Answers

— AND —

Hints from Sandow.

Although I have opened these pages for the purpose of coming into closer touch with my friends and readers, it must be remembered that space is limited, and I CANNOT *prescribe courses here.*

Development Possibilities.

G. N. W. (UPPER CLAPTON) writes: "I use a pair of Grip Bells and a Chest Expander, which I have started this week. My chest is very flat, especially the upper part. I am 24 years old, and I am told my chest cannot now be made bigger, as the bones are now set. I should have started sooner."

Answer: Do not hold to the opinion you mention. The bones are largely held in place by the muscles, and by strengthening and expanding the muscles you correspondingly expand your bone structure. Of course, the possibilities are not so great as they would have been had you started younger, but go ahead with physical culture.

"Running" a School.

H. L. L. (BURY) writes: "I have practised your system of Physical Culture for some years, and as I should like to become an instructor would you mind telling me what books I should require on the subject to qualify for that position? I am at present a bank clerk, and should like to occupy my evenings by teaching Physical Culture, but I have been wondering if I should stand much chance of employment for evenings only, as I have no intention of giving up my present occupation. I shall be very glad of any advice you can give me on the subject through the medium of your magazine."

Answer: I receive many letters similar to yours. There are thousands of books that would well repay study for the purpose you mention. A most necessary qualification beyond that of a knowledge of anatomy, physiology, etc., is that of initiative. No two different schools of physical culture are conducted on exactly similar lines. It is very largely a matter of personality and instructional ability. There are many men with more than average knowledge of physical culture, and even of instructing, who fail, or would fail, as proprietors or managers of a school. Business ability is a necessity.

Try, Try, Try Again.

H. W. P. (BRIGHTON) writes: "Just a line to say I have been anxiously waiting the result of the February Competition of this year, and see by this week's issue I am a loser, and not even commended; and I feel rather disappointed, though I know I am a small man, and only weigh 8 st. stripped, and cannot be compared with some of the fine men you have published. But if you would be so kind as to let me know through your valuable mag. where I am defective, I shall be greatly obliged, and then I can try again in a few months' time."

Answer: I am pleased to see you mean to try again. That's the right spirit. It is difficult to say in a few words "Where you are defective." It is not that you are "defective." The point is that others were better than you.

How to Get Rich Quick.

A Preston physician says: "If anyone were desirous of amassing a fortune, no surer plan of doing so could be devised than to make up pills of innocent materials, such as bread-crumbs and extract of hops, and, in the directions for their use by the public, stipulate that the patient should abstain from the use of tea. The pill would have an enormous sale, would do a vast amount of good, and would relieve a great amount of suffering. In fact, it would, I believe, prove more beneficial than the closing of half the public-houses in Preston."

Answers to Correspondents

Are necessarily so brief as to leave much desired in regard to Readers' training.

—very much—to be the case where any proper direction of affects development.

This is especially with the early or ad-
ailment exists that vanced stages of indi-
gestion, constipation,

If you are troubled somnia, or other ner-
loss of vigour, in- disorders, you really
vous and functional need very careful and continuous direction
if you are to get the better of your trouble
as quickly as possible, and thus at the same
time lay a firm founda- tion for your future
health and strength of body and mind.

I will gladly assist you if you would like me to do so.

In the first place will you please apply for a copy of my book explanatory of my *curative treatment.* I shall be pleased to send it to you as a Reader free of charge, and post free. The book contains details in full, and also includes a blank form containing questions which you will find will enable you to state your case wonderfully clearly. My advice and direction of your treatment would be based on your replies to these queries, and as affected by later reports of your continued improvement under my personal direction.

Please address me personally, and I will quickly send you book and full particulars for your guidance.

EUGEN SANDOW, Dept. S., 17 & 18 Basinghall St., London, E.C.

That Monotonous, Murderous Matutinal Meal.

BACON AND EGGS, sometimes varied by eggs and bacon. That is the standing breakfast for the world's greatest colonisers.

At a recent meeting of the National Poultry Association, Lord Carrington referred to this fact, and his speech caused an epistolic Niagara to fall upon Carmelite House, according to the editor of the *Daily Mail*.

Breakfast, the writers say, is the pleasantest and most wholesome meal of the day; fourteen hours full of infinite possibilities lie before us; men and women, well-groomed, well-bathed, well-dressed, alert, and healthy, sit round a flower-decked table retailing news from their morning's letters and ready to discuss a dozen plans of occupation and amusement. This is the reality of the modern English breakfast-table, except in a very few country houses where neurotic or ill-tempered guests demand breakfast in their rooms.

Something, however, is obviously wrong; and for a moment one wonders what it is. After a month's study the reason becomes evident. The food is the abomination of desolation. Month after month, year after year, the same dull, coarse, strong-tasted, ugly-looking dishes appear before us, with the same two drinks, both not only badly made, but the two last in the world which ought to be taken with food. Bacon, eggs, kippers, porridge, fish-cakes, sausages, kidneys, and jam, with tea or coffee—not one British breakfast-table out of a hundred can get beyond these, though more often nowadays some fruit is added.

Replying to remonstrances from his master on this matter, the chef of a well-known Scotch millionaire said that nothing could be done with a meal where people would not sit down together, or even within an hour of one another. Unless country-house guests were to be treated as they were by a famous duchess fifty years ago, whose house contained 100 complete separate silver breakfast sets, each guest having a separately-cooked breakfast in his or her room, it was ridiculous, he said, to attempt the preparation of subtle and probably costly dishes.

Our correspondents, however, merely demand a greater variety of plain dishes and a new drink with them for breakfast tables where everyone sits down together. Hot water dishes, chafing dishes, and a score of other devices for keeping food hot and fresh are useless; and to be late for breakfast is a sin which must always carry a penalty; but the folk who come to breakfast regularly and punctually deserve a better fate than their present one.

The Perils of Hair Dye.

Dr. Milian, of Paris, at the Anti-Quackery Congress held at Paris recently, drew attention to the dangers of hair-dye. It appears that some dyes intended to shade the hair to any dark colour from a chestnut brown to a jet black are most dangerous. Numerous cases of eczema and various disaffections were mentioned as resulting directly from persistent dyeing of the hair.

"It is," said the lecturer, "a common occurrence for a hairdresser to get bad attacks of eczema on the hands from merely handling the dyes. Women sometimes use the same hair-dye for years without feeling any evil effect, and then, apparently without cause, the skin of the head becomes very red, a rash ensues, and sores are formed. Sometimes the eyelids become swollen and red, and a painful eruption breaks out on the neck, breast, and arms. Such skin diseases caused by hair-dye are always difficult to get rid of."

After being told that rouge for the lips often contained sulphate of mercury, and that cheap rouges frequently produced sores on the lips, it was with a sigh of relief that the ladies present at the lecture heard that the black pencil used for pencilling the eyebrows was quite harmless and inoffensive.

Is Fatness a Disease?

The question whether fatness is a disease or not was discussed recently in a London Police Court during the hearing of a summons against the Century Thermal Bath Cabinet, Limited, for selling certain tablets for the reduction of flesh which did not bear a revenue stamp.

The law requires that proprietary remedies for "any disease, ailment, or disorder" shall be stamped, and the company contended that obesity did not come within any of these classifications.

The magistrate decided that fatness was a "disorder," and imposed a nominal penalty of 1s., and 2s. costs.

Somnolent "Thinkers."

There exists an England which, ruined by excess of prosperity, sleeps, and because it snores loudly imagines it is thinking.—RUDYARD KIPLING.

Our Readers' Library.

Any of these Books can be obtained direct and by return post from Our Readers' Library Department, Sandow's Magazine, 131, Temple Chambers, E.C.

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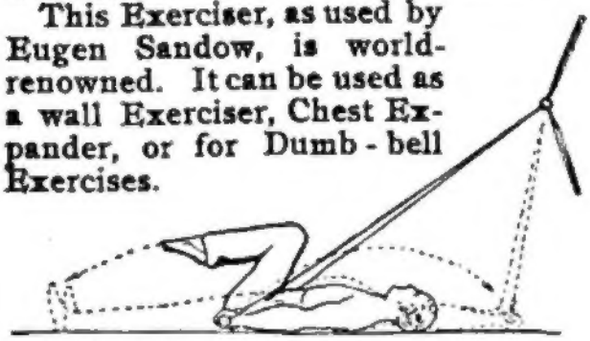

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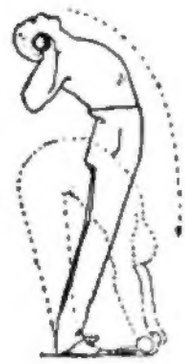

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